Are YOU Collecting "John Bull" Pen Coupons? *See Page 15:*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 596. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

1820505

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

STILL TAKING ODDS

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Soldier's Call

Send me some KHAKI

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

See that the name **EXCELDA** is upon every handkerchief. You can buy them from any Draper or Outfitter.

Trust a British Soldier for knowing a good article!

Steele's Adv. Serv.

Write for the 'Midland' Book of Furniture.

Free to you To-day.

SEND a halfpenny postcard for this splendid volume before you finally decide what to get for your home. It is far and away the most practical, comprehensive, and helpful guide to furnishing ever published. It will enable you to

Save money and get just what you want

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

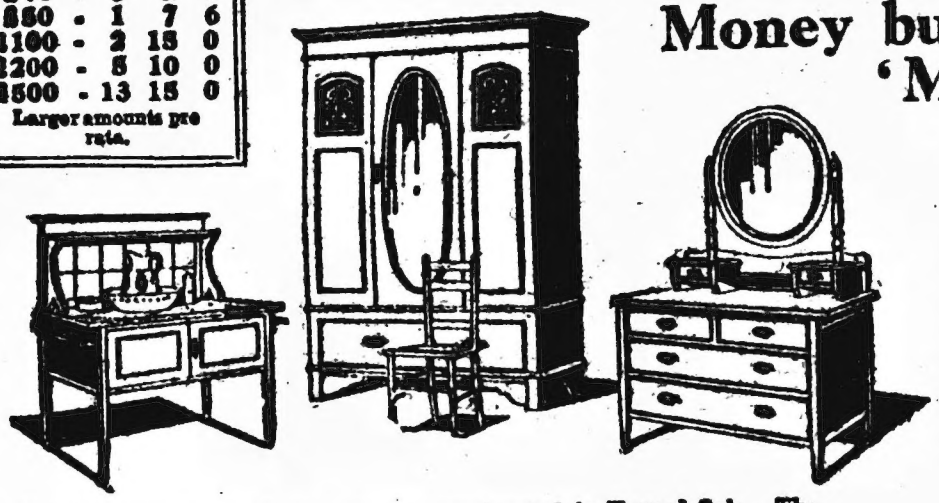
Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

The 'Midland' Book contains over 1,000 illustrations from the original photographs taken in the 'Midland' Salons and Galleries where £100,000 worth of superb furniture is on view.

As you turn over the pages you will be astonished at the wealth of choice and the wonderful value offered you. You will be delighted to discover the very furniture you have set your heart on. And the more closely you compare the 'Midland' prices with what you would be charged elsewhere, the more clearly you will perceive that

Money buys more at the 'Midland'



Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs **£24 - 10 - 0**

If it is inconvenient to come up to London, you can save money by ordering straight out of the 'Midland' Book. Every description is strictly accurate, and every price is a genuine bargain. Write for your copy to-day. A halfpenny postcard, with your name and address, brings it free and carriage paid.

Write for it to-day.

10% discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station. Hours—9 till 6. Sats.—9 till 1.
Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years.)*

"BLISS!!"

IF you have never yet used McClinton's Shaving Cream, you may think this illustration somewhat "far-fetched." If you *have*, you know that nothing can mitigate against the cool, refreshing delight of a shave with this, Britain's premier shaving preparation.

If nothing but the best is good enough for you, use McClinton's Shaving Cream. You will not then ever be tempted to try another firm's preparations. Your experience will tell you that in McClinton's Shaving Cream you have found the ideal preparation, which quickly softens the beard and leaves the Skin comfortable. Its exceptionally rich, creamy, emollient and non-drying lather renders it indispensable for the man who shaves with cold water.
Be wise when next you want Shaving tackle. Insist on getting

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

Hibernia, In Sticks or Cakes, 7½d. & 1/-
Exquisite " " 7½d.
Shaving Cream, In Pots or Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-

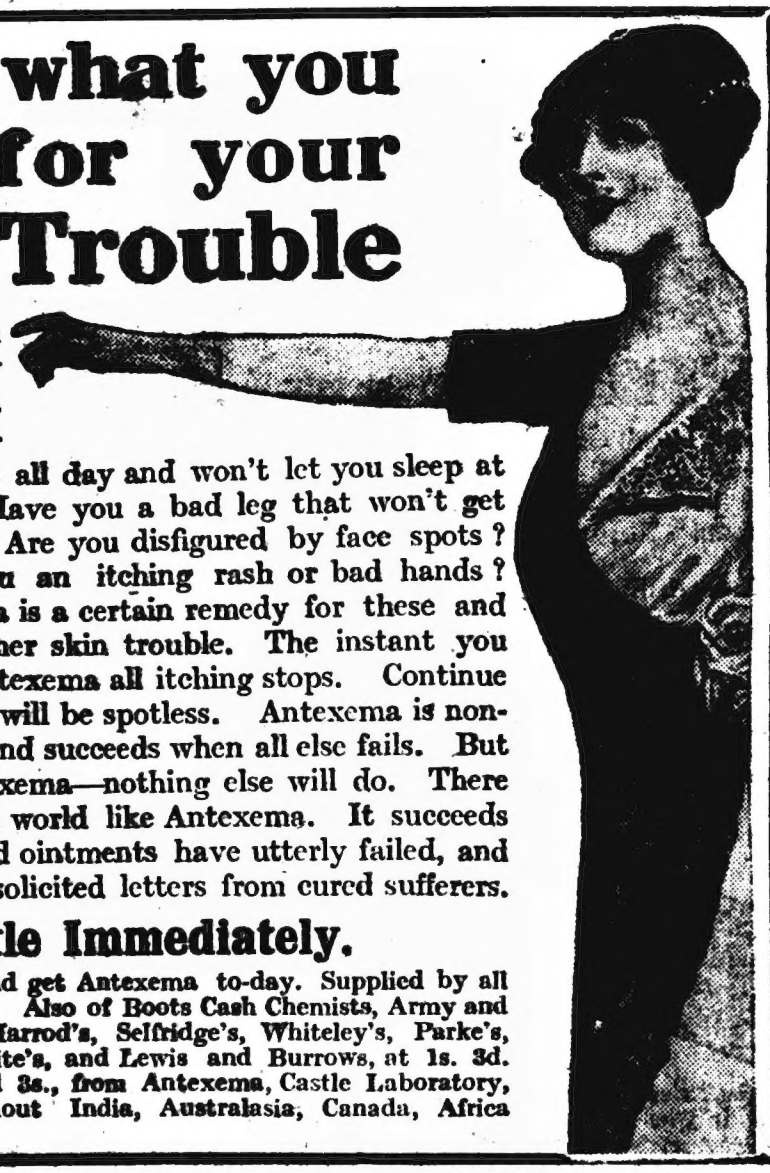
FREE—The Colleen Book of British Beauty

Containing six beautifully coloured miniature portrait postcards of famous Bygone Beauties, on receipt of 1d. stamp; or with a generous sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap for 2d. for packing and postage.

CLOSE SHAVE SERIES.
No. 5.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. A.G. 13), **Donaghmore, Ireland.**

That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you all day and won't let you sleep at night? Have you a bad leg that won't get better? Are you disfigured by face spots? Have you an itching rash or bad hands? Antexema is a certain remedy for these and every other skin trouble. The instant you apply Antexema all itching stops. Continue to use it, and soon your skin will be spotless. Antexema is non-poisonous and non-greasy, and succeeds when all else fails. But remember, it must be Antexema—nothing else will do. There is absolutely nothing in the world like Antexema. It succeeds where doctors, hospitals, and ointments have utterly failed, and we possess thousands of unsolicited letters from cured sufferers.

Get a Bottle Immediately.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or, post free, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Cosy Warmth for Chilly Months

Pure wool woven into shapely, splendidly-fitting underwear, well finished to eliminate irritation, unshrinkable, fleecy and cosily warm—such are Jason garments.

In wearing Jason this Winter you'll experience sheer comfort and immunity from chills in the sudden weather changes.

Jason all-wool underwear is of British Manufacture.

Jason UNDERWEAR

For Ladies, Children and Men.

Obtainable from Drapers, Hosiers Ladies' and Men's Outfitters everywhere. In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers.

The New "Olympic" Brand is a lower grade containing a percentage of cotton—bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines, your dealer will supply you.

JASON UNDERWEAR CO., Leicester.

P 2/2.

"The FLIGHT COMMANDER"

"I want a cigarette that does not make me nervy no matter how many I may smoke; this is really what every Service Man needs, and when I look over the old bus, before going up to ———— or for a little diving or banking exercise, I appreciate a Cigarette that suits me!

"Now I can recommend Cavander's 'Army Club.' They are large—but not too large—pure Virginia Cigarettes, and have a taste without being strong or heavy."

"CAVANDER'S
Army Club"
CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens at Home and Abroad.

20 for 11d. 50 for 2/3 100 for 4/6.

To Egypt and Salonica

"Swan" Pens as Xmas Gifts Post before November 27.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Considering how precious to you are the letters from your soldier, isn't it well worth while giving him the proved best means for writing them—the "Swan" Fountpen?

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

At pre-war prices from 10s. 6d.

MABIE, TODD & Co. Ltd. 79-80 High Holborn London W.C.1, 38, Cheapside, E.C.2; 204 & 95a, Regent Street, W.1, London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329, Weston Street, S.E.

Postage B.E.F. or Colonial 4d. Foreign, 6d.

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

To obtain the utmost possible light at the lowest possible cost, see that you use only Mazda *Drawn Wire* ELECTRIC LAMPS

The LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

Head Office: 5 THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C. 2.
Foreign Branch Office: 8, FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. 3.

Subscribed Capital	£24,895,992
Paid-up Capital	5,186,665
Reserve Fund	4,341,000
Deposits	£201,198,853
Reserves	51,707,814
Bills of Exchange	26,937,544

The Capital has been increased £405,872
And the Reserve Fund " " £341,000
by reason of the Belfast Bank purchase.

NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

We invite you to make your applications through this Bank.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 596. Week ending Saturday, November 3rd, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Italian Thrust.

Don't trouble yourself too much about this. It is Germany's desperate effort to keep Austria in the war. Keep your eye on the West.

East Islington Moral.

Surely the lesson of East Islington is that till the war is over Parliamentary elections are a farce. Out of 12,000 voters, only about 4,000 went to the poll, and out of 8,000 Party electors who recorded their votes in 1910, only a little over 2,000 now answered the call of their combined caucuses.

The Mystery of It.

The real mystery of the war, says a correspondent, is why permission should have been granted us to visit the Front, seeing that we are "not a friend of the Government." But we are the Friend of Man.

A Chrysalis!

"Bottomley," says a contemporary, "is in the childhood of a new birth. He is emerging from the chrysalis stage of materiality." We *have* sometimes been called a "caterpillar"!

Good-bye, Zepp!

Surely we may now say good-bye to the Zepps. And very soon we shall say good-bye to the aeroplanes, too. At the risk of irritating some of our contemporaries, we beg to remark that *we know something.*

Aldwych Club.

What a gathering that was which we addressed the other day, when the guest of this popular and important club! Over 600 sat down to lunch, and gave us a most flattering reception. But we don't quite appreciate the statement of Mr. Rambler, of the *Daily Mirror*, that we "swept them away."

Winter Racing.

Whoever is fooling the Government again on the subject of racing? To the ignorant faddist all racing is a mere gambling orgy—just as playing cards is "sinful," and drinking beer a crime. These people have no notion of the national importance of the great horse-breeding industry, and of the way in which it is linked up with the vast racing organisation. They must be enlightened once more. We have something to say to the President of the Board of Trade on our "Candid Communication" page.

"Marching On."

Thus, in large type, the *Bradford Pioneer*: "E. D. Morel lies in Pentonville, But his soul goes marching on." Much better to let him "lie" there!

Anyone Seen Him?

We refer to Prince Francis Josef von Hohenzollern Sigmaringen—brother of the wife of the ex-King of Portugal. Wasn't he on board the raider *Emden*, and wasn't he finally captured by the Australian cruiser *Sydney*, and brought to this country? *Where is he now*—and why is he where he is?

A Judicial Deadlock.

There is a deadlock about the appointment of the new Master of the Rolls. Sir John Cave wants the position, and so does Mr. Duke, and so does Lord Justice Swinfen Eady. Why not solve the problem by abolishing the office—which is quite obsolete?

National Insurance.

Anybody heard anything about the Insurance Act lately? Why not appoint a body of *women* Inspectors to call round at private houses to examine the cards of the domestics? It would rope in a lot of money.

Bonar Law, Please Note.

From Washington comes the news that the Legislature is about to take charge of all dormant bank balances. "There are large funds in Savings Banks which have been drawing interest since the Civil War, and for which there are no claimants," says the Report. *Here*, we have accounts which have been dormant for—Heaven knows how long!

Bee-utiful *Star*.

"Such statesmen as we have," bleats our rustic old friend "Alpha of the Plough," in the *Star*, "are howled down, and we are delivered over to the 'stern, strong' impostors with stern, strong jaws and vacuous intellects. And our prophets are Horatio Bottomley and Lord Northcliffe." Who are the statesmen who are "howled down"? Ramsay Macdonald and Snowden. *They* certainly have plenty of "jaw"!

Eloquent Figures.

The following figures of our circulation for the past six weeks speak for themselves:—September 22nd, 1,626,669; 29th, 1,646,270; October 6th, 1,654,812; 13th, 1,658,023; 20th, 1,680,461; 27th, 1,702,247. We shall soon be having our "Two Million" Dinner!

Over half a million are insured under our *Free* War Insurance. Why not you? See Coupon, page iii of Cover.

Unpaid War Bonus.

On October 18th the papers reported that William Beardmore, Ltd., had been fined £100 for failing to pay 300 men the war bonus due to them. According to a Gosport reader, the Government should now prosecute and fine themselves, for the civil employees of the Haslar Naval Hospital, entitled to war bonus as from August 1st last, have not yet been paid it. Perhaps the Treasury is lying low till it is able to draw another War Loan.

The Rum Ranters.

The rum ranters of the Christian Temperance League *et hoc genus omne*, may just as well have the view of a wounded officer of the 5th Prince of Wales's Own about the soldier's rum ration. "In my experience," he says, "there are two little incidents which bring a gleam of sunshine to Tommy's day Somewhere-in-Hell—the post from home, and the issue of the rum ration—of which, however, each man gets only about enough to fill an egg-cup." The pumpuritan attack on the rum ration is one of the most preposterous tarradiddles in the Gospel of pump and pop.

"Little to Do and Plenty to Get."

We have been told tales galore of the fair beings who, for pocket-money, deign to work at some Government offices, and even heard recently of one where the week's output consisted of dainty undergarments; but we were not prepared to read in the staid columns of an evening contemporary that a War Office motor-car, which was stolen the other day, contained "nothing of greater value than two gallon tubs of ice-cream and three boxes of cake." How the ladies of both sexes in Government employ *do* enjoy themselves!

A Sport of a Christian.

Hats off to the Rev. L. MacLean Watt, of Edinburgh. He was called back all the way from Skye to find that a gang of wicked young sinners had burgled his house, and had not only stolen, but destroyed a large number of articles endeared to him as sacred souvenirs and as mementoes of the war. Bailie Archbold put the lads on twelve months' probation, and Mr. Watt "rose and offered to look after the boys if the Court would allow it, as he did not think they were essentially bad." It is now up to the lads to justify the minister's confidence by running straight and winning out.

"Torpedoed."

To illustrate our plea on behalf of torpedoed shipmasters, one of them tells us his experiences. More than a year ago his ship was sunk, and, ever since, he has been left to cool his heels ashore. He has offered his services to the Admiralty, the War, Colonial, and India Offices; his knowledge of the sea is world-wide; he is hale, hearty, and capable. But he is 58. Younger men can be taken on; but the officials, though they say he does not look his age, turn him down. All he has been offered is a timekeeper's job. And we talk of the debt we owe to the Merchant Service!

N.C.C.L.

What influential personages are helping the "National Council of Civil Liberties," who have suddenly opened up at 33, Henrietta Street, W.C.? An American gentleman who wanted these offices was unable to take them because he could not get a telephone fixed under six months. The N.C.C.L. have somehow been able to get their telephone installed in two days. Rumour has it that two M.P.s (names undisclosed) have guaranteed the rent. Will somebody put it beyond doubt that these patriots have no connection with Von Macdonaldbacher, Schnowdenstein and Co., St. Stephen's, Westminster?

Hunchristianity.

According to a United Free Minister of Newhills, the Rev. J.H. Morrison, in "regard to modern missions, Germany leads the way." "Modern missions," he maintained, "grew out of German pietism," and if the British Government were to take up the position that after the war no German Christian should preach the Gospel in the British Empire, this would be in his opinion a persecution of the Christian Church. To talk about a German Christian preaching the Gospel is like talking of the Kaiser quoting Scripture. The rev. gentleman had better find a less nauseous topic.

Gratitude—of Sorts.

"I have been working on munitions here since February last," a discharged soldier writes from Lancaster, "and I find that discharged soldiers are put on the worst jobs in the factory—jobs on which you have to work all hours which God sends in order to earn a living wage. There are girls who get £5 8s. a week and over. They work half-an-hour less of nights, an hour less on days, and have a week-end off. It makes one wonder, when you think of it, why it is that a girl is worth two men. What a grateful country one fights for, when you think some of these points over." Surely ingratitude can never be more frigid and more cruel.

What Nonsense!

A well-meaning and kindly disposed gentleman of Stoke Newington, who is so anxious for the world-wide reputation of JOHN BULL that he does not wish to see us "take up an indefensible position," would "like to point out that the taking of even moderate quantities of alcohol does unquestionably affect unfavourably the accuracy of shooting." Having permitted him to point out, we must tell him plainly that his assertion is mere fatuous nonsense. One would imagine from this gentleman's allegation that whenever the British Army, which takes a drappie now and then for its stomach's sake, has a shot at the Germhuns it misses 'em. Instead of which its shooting is the best, or with the best, in the world.

Terrors of the Pit.

Some of our readers will perhaps recall our comments in the case of the Gedling colliery boy, convicted and imprisoned for shocking cruelty to a pit pony. A few days ago twelve of this young brute's companions struck work for a whole day, and caused the loss of 1,200 tons of coal, because the management would not dismiss the collier whom humanity induced to give evidence against the boy. To such an extent had they persecuted this man that he had to be removed to another part of the pit, and "miners receiving 11s. a day had to be fetched from the coal face to drive ponies during their absence." Perhaps the fact that the gang have had to pay £1 each will tend to teach them an effective lesson.

They Call It Wages.

Somebody who judiciously hides his name and address advertises in a Manchester paper that he wishes to employ a "Man, elderly, for very light office duties; wages 9s. a week." We suppose the trap is set to catch some poor old pensioner; otherwise we might ask whether Old Parr or Methuselah would be considered "elderly" enough for that lucrative berth. Another salary story concerns a lad who joined the Army when only fifteen. His parents were killed in an air raid at Southend, and, when he was discharged, being then seventeen, an employment agent in the Strand found him work at 8s. a week—and charged him 6s. for finding it. We are glad to add that he has now got other work at a living wage.

All letter writers stand confessed: a "John Bull" Pen's the very best!

Agents in the Ranks.

Are all the Insurance Companies allowing something to the wives and families of agents with the colours? There is much suffering among the dependents of this very hard-worked body of men, and the Companies are rich enough to alleviate it. What, for instance, is the "Britannic" doing?

Change of Mind.

A large aerodrome was erected in a Midland village. Roads and drains were made. Then somebody found it was not wanted. So its removal was commenced, half was taken away, part of the roof went, and only its outside uprights remained, though one had been plucked from the concrete setting. But somebody else has decided that the aerodrome *is* wanted, and plenty of men are on the job, restoring it—till another person takes a fancy to scrap it once again!

"Want Coal?"

We don't mind being at the receipt of custom, but when the great British populace starts sending us from their grates samples of burnt-out coal which they have purchased here, there, and yonder at unexampled prices, we are fairly entitled to be disgruntled. Per example, one packet of this vile stuff comes from Malvern, and is issued in cwts. by the Urban District Council at—38s. a ton; but if anybody sends us a ton of it, even uncooked, notice is hereby given that there will be an awful row.

Where Common-sense is Needed.

There are many absurdities and injustices connected with the regulations of the Liquor Control Board, not the least being that under which Messrs. Ehrmann Bros. were fined £50, and their traveller £25, for delivering spirits on credit to officers' and sergeants' messes. No rational person would say that such associations of our fighting men for their mutual comfort should be treated otherwise than as clubs—yet the Divisional Court has upheld the conviction. Surely Lord d'Abernon will see that the regulation under which our soldiers are penalised is relaxed to this reasonable extent.

Tommy's Transport on Leave.

Sir Arthur Yapp tells us, in regard to our recent paragraph, "Some Strange Figures," that the pictorial balance sheet of the Y.M.C.A. on which we commented, is in respect of the period from the outbreak of war to November last, the item, "Motor cars, vans, lorries, etc., for the night transport of soldiers on leave through our great cities, and for motor-cars, vans, lorries, running expenses, etc., £54,778," being intended, despite its wording, to cover the expenditure on the purchase of cars "for work on every battle-front." As we showed, the part played by the Association in the night transport of soldiers on leave is practically negligible, the main portion of it being undertaken by the Motor Transport Volunteers. We would, therefore, advise Sir Arthur to be more careful in the wording of his appeals for funds.

Waste—O.H.M.S.

By the way, Sir Arthur might also turn his attention to some of the Government departments and their employees. Here, for instance, is a coal requisition, 8¼ in. by 6¼ in., being sent out by the Coal Mines Department, and the envelope (obviously just printed) enclosed for its return—in this case On His Majesty's Service to "Edwin Morley, Esq., Local Coal Overseer, Walthamstow"—is a thick, well-made khaki one, 14 in. by 9 in.—present value about twopence! No true patriot minds patching up his old trousers in order to buy War Bonds and other select goods manufactured by the Government, but why should he save that the Government may waste?

Bless the Duke of Argyll!

Vermin are often the cause of irritation. But here is a maker of a well-known vermin-killer who is decidedly irritated, and with reason. He supplies the shipping lines with "killer" for the transports, but is hung up in trade just now because Government will not give him facilities to ship from America certain stuffs necessary to complete his chemical formulas. Many transports remain in bad condition for want of the powder, and the shipping companies are wrath. He cannot kill the pests without the ingredients, and until officials are alive to the fact, Jack and Tommy must scratch.

Tackling the Bloodsuckers.

Here's more strength to the strong right arm of the Shoreditch Borough Council! A few days ago they hauled up before the Magistrates eight bloodsucking tradesmen "who had exceeded the maximum flour prices, mostly by a farthing per half-pound." We have been protesting quite a long time against this farthing swindle in many of the shops; Shoreditch Council are the first public body, according to our observation, to tackle it. It needs no computation to suggest that this thievery may mean a great deal to the poor in a week—the difference, perhaps, of a loaf of bread or pint of milk. Other Borough Councils look round, please.

Giving the Show Away.

How is this for sheer humbug? A leaderette in a Cardiff paper assails the "thousands of people" in "London hotels and restaurants"—not in South Wales, of course—guzzling and gobbling all the good things money can buy. That is in London, so the paper says; not in Cardiff, oh, dear no! Immediately following is an advertisement of a Cardiff restaurant, headed "Sensations." The "patrons of its Café Chantant leave their worries behind. The Merry Abandon—the Smiling Face—the Coloured Lights . . . quite Continental are their—Sensations!" The promise there of "guzzling and gobbling" puts in the shade the snuffling cant immediately above it.

Bracketed Together.

Gwilym Evans, carpenter, of Aberaman, has been granted total exemption, conditionally upon taking up work of national importance. Pleading his "Conscience," he proved himself as low-down a slanderer as any we have come across. Asked how long he had held his opinions, he wrote that he "had been warned when a boy of the danger of falling into bad company, such as soldiers, drunkards, and gamblers." The mere presence of such a being among a company of soldiers would be an insult, though it is possible that many decent men who have read his outrageous writing would be delighted to meet him once. He will be wise to shun the company of soldiers more than ever.

Pity the Poor—Householder!

In these days the householder's lot is not altogether a happy one, but he grins and bears it as long as he is convinced that his hardships are necessarily imposed by war conditions. A West Kensington resident, however, does feel aggrieved, and, we think, justly so. Six weeks ago some ornamental work on the top of his house was shot down by our anti-aircraft guns, the material falling on, and into, the dust-bin, and damaging that useful receptacle. Ever since then the gentlemen who, for a consideration, are good enough to remove the household refuse, have declined to touch the bin, as amongst its miscellaneous contents is a small amount of plaster. The Fulham Borough Council, the Local Authority concerned, have been communicated with, but nothing is done. Oh, for a business—Borough Council!

200 Fine Turkeys to be won as "Bullets" Prizes this week. See page 20.

Unpaid War Bonus.

On October 18th the papers reported that William Beardmore, Ltd., had been fined £100 for failing to pay 300 men the war bonus due to them. According to a Gosport reader, the Government should now prosecute and fine themselves, for the civil employees of the Haslar Naval Hospital, entitled to war bonus as from August 1st last, have not yet been paid it. Perhaps the Treasury is lying low till it is able to draw another War Loan.

The Rum Ranters.

The rum ranters of the Christian Temperance League *et hoc genus omne*, may just as well have the view of a wounded officer of the 5th Prince of Wales's Own about the soldier's rum ration. "In my experience," he says, "there are two little incidents which bring a gleam of sunshine to Tommy's day Somewhere-in-Hell—the post from home, and the issue of the rum ration—of which, however, each man gets only about enough to fill an egg-cup." The pumpuritan attack on the rum ration is one of the most preposterous tarradiddles in the Gospel of pump and pop.

"Little to Do and Plenty to Get."

We have been told tales galore of the fair beings who, for pocket-money, deign to work at some Government offices, and even heard recently of one where the week's output consisted of dainty undergarments; but we were not prepared to read in the staid columns of an evening contemporary that a War Office motor-car, which was stolen the other day, contained "nothing of greater value than two gallon tubs of ice-cream and three boxes of cake." How the ladies of both sexes in Government employ *do* enjoy themselves!

A Sport of a Christian.

Hats off to the Rev. L. MacLean Watt, of Edinburgh. He was called back all the way from Skye to find that a gang of wicked young sinners had burgled his house, and had not only stolen, but destroyed a large number of articles endeared to him as sacred souvenirs and as mementoes of the war. Bailie Archbold put the lads on twelve months' probation, and Mr. Watt "rose and offered to look after the boys if the Court would allow it, as he did not think they were essentially bad." It is now up to the lads to justify the minister's confidence by running straight and winning out.

"Torpedoed."

To illustrate our plea on behalf of torpedoed shipmasters, one of them tells us his experiences. More than a year ago his ship was sunk, and, ever since, he has been left to cool his heels ashore. He has offered his services to the Admiralty, the War, Colonial, and India Offices; his knowledge of the sea is world-wide; he is hale, hearty, and capable. But he is 58. Younger men can be taken on; but the officials, though they say he does not look his age, turn him down. All he has been offered is a timekeeper's job. And we talk of the debt we owe to the Merchant Service!

N.C.C.L.

What influential personages are helping the "National Council of Civil Liberties," who have suddenly opened up at 33, Henrietta Street, W.C.? An American gentleman who wanted these offices was unable to take them because he could not get a telephone fixed under six months. The N.C.C.L. have somehow been able to get their telephone installed in two days. Rumour has it that two M.P.s (names undisclosed) have guaranteed the rent. Will somebody put it beyond doubt that these patriots have no connection with Von Macdonaldbacher, Schnowdenstein and Co., St. Stephen's, Westminster?

Hunchristianity.

According to a United Free Minister of Newhills, the Rev. J.H. Morrison, in "regard to modern missions, Germany leads the way." "Modern missions," he maintained, "grew out of German pietism," and if the British Government were to take up the position that after the war no German Christian should preach the Gospel in the British Empire, this would be in his opinion a persecution of the Christian Church. To talk about a German Christian preaching the Gospel is like talking of the Kaiser quoting Scripture. The rev. gentleman had better find a less nauseous topic.

Gratitude—of Sorts.

"I have been working on munitions here since February last," a discharged soldier writes from Lancaster, "and I find that discharged soldiers are put on the worst jobs in the factory—jobs on which you have to work all hours which God sends in order to earn a living wage. There are girls who get £5 8s. a week and over. They work half-an-hour less of nights, an hour less on days, and have a week-end off. It makes one wonder, when you think of it, why it is that a girl is worth two men. What a grateful country one fights for, when you think some of these points over." Surely ingratitude can never be more frigid and more cruel.

What Nonsense!

A well-meaning and kindly disposed gentleman of Stoke Newington, who is so anxious for the world-wide reputation of JOHN BULL that he does not wish to see us "take up an indefensible position," would "like to point out that the taking of even moderate quantities of alcohol does unquestionably affect unfavourably the accuracy of shooting." Having permitted him to point out, we must tell him plainly that his assertion is mere fatuous nonsense. One would imagine from this gentleman's allegation that whenever the British Army, which takes a drappie now and then for its stomach's sake, has a shot at the Germhuns it misses 'em. Instead of which its shooting is the best, or with the best, in the world.

Terrors of the Pit.

Some of our readers will perhaps recall our comments in the case of the Gedling colliery boy, convicted and imprisoned for shocking cruelty to a pit pony. A few days ago twelve of this young brute's companions struck work for a whole day, and caused the loss of 1,200 tons of coal, because the management would not dismiss the collier whom humanity induced to give evidence against the boy. To such an extent had they persecuted this man that he had to be removed to another part of the pit, and "miners receiving 11s. a day had to be fetched from the coal face to drive ponies during their absence." Perhaps the fact that the gang have had to pay £1 each will tend to teach them an effective lesson.

They Call It Wages.

Somebody who judiciously hides his name and address advertises in a Manchester paper that he wishes to employ a "Man, elderly, for very light office duties; wages 9s. a week." We suppose the trap is set to catch some poor old pensioner; otherwise we might ask whether Old Parr or Methuselah would be considered "elderly" enough for that lucrative berth. Another salary story concerns a lad who joined the Army when only fifteen. His parents were killed in an air raid at Southend, and, when he was discharged, being then seventeen, an employment agent in the Strand found him work at 8s. a week—and charged him 6s. for finding it. We are glad to add that he has now got other work at a living wage.

All letter writers stand confessed: a "John Bull" Pen's the very best!

Agents in the Ranks.

Are all the Insurance Companies allowing something to the wives and families of agents with the colours? There is much suffering among the dependents of this very hard-worked body of men, and the Companies are rich enough to alleviate it. What, for instance, is the "Britannic" doing?

Change of Mind.

A large aerodrome was erected in a Midland village. Roads and drains were made. Then somebody found it was not wanted. So its removal was commenced, half was taken away, part of the roof went, and only its outside uprights remained, though one had been plucked from the concrete setting. But somebody else has decided that the aerodrome *is* wanted, and plenty of men are on the job, restoring it—till another person takes a fancy to scrap it once again!

"Want Coal?"

We don't mind being at the receipt of custom, but when the great British populace starts sending us from their grates samples of burnt-out coal which they have purchased here, there, and yonder at unexampled prices, we are fairly entitled to be disgruntled. Per example, one packet of this vile stuff comes from Malvern, and is issued in cwts. by the Urban District Council at—38s. a ton; but if anybody sends us a ton of it, even uncooked, notice is hereby given that there will be an awful row.

Where Common-sense is Needed.

There are many absurdities and injustices connected with the regulations of the Liquor Control Board, not the least being that under which Messrs. Ehrmann Bros. were fined £50, and their traveller £25, for delivering spirits on credit to officers' and sergeants' messes. No rational person would say that such associations of our fighting men for their mutual comfort should be treated otherwise than as clubs—yet the Divisional Court has upheld the conviction. Surely Lord d'Abernon will see that the regulation under which our soldiers are penalised is relaxed to this reasonable extent.

Tommy's Transport on Leave.

Sir Arthur Yapp tells us, in regard to our recent paragraph, "Some Strange Figures," that the pictorial balance sheet of the Y.M.C.A. on which we commented, is in respect of the period from the outbreak of war to November last, the item, "Motor cars, vans, lorries, etc., for the night transport of soldiers on leave through our great cities, and for motor-cars, vans, lorries, running expenses, etc., £54,778," being intended, despite its wording, to cover the expenditure on the purchase of cars "for work on every battle-front." As we showed, the part played by the Association in the night transport of soldiers on leave is practically negligible, the main portion of it being undertaken by the Motor Transport Volunteers. We would, therefore, advise Sir Arthur to be more careful in the wording of his appeals for funds.

Waste—O.H.M.S.

By the way, Sir Arthur might also turn his attention to some of the Government departments and their employees. Here, for instance, is a coal requisition, 8½ in. by 6¾ in., being sent out by the Coal Mines Department, and the envelope (obviously just printed) enclosed for its return—in this case On His Majesty's Service to "Edwin Morley, Esq., Local Coal Overseer, Walthamstow"—is a thick, well-made khaki one, 14 in. by 9 in.—present value about twopence! No true patriot minds patching up his old trousers in order to buy War Bonds and other select goods manufactured by the Government, but why should he save that the Government may waste?

Bless the Duke of Argyll!

Vermin are often the cause of irritation. But here is a maker of a well-known vermin-killer who is decidedly irritated, and with reason. He supplies the shipping lines with "killer" for the transports, but is hung up in trade just now because Government will not give him facilities to ship from America certain stuffs necessary to complete his chemical formulas. Many transports remain in bad condition for want of the powder, and the shipping companies are wrath. He cannot kill the pests without the ingredients, and until officials are alive to the fact, Jack and Tommy must scratch.

Tackling the Bloodsuckers.

Here's more strength to the strong right arm of the Shoreditch Borough Council! A few days ago they hauled up before the Magistrates eight bloodsucking tradesmen "who had exceeded the maximum flour prices, mostly by a farthing per half-pound." We have been protesting quite a long time against this farthing swindle in many of the shops; Shoreditch Council are the first public body, according to our observation, to tackle it. It needs no computation to suggest that this thievery may mean a great deal to the poor in a week—the difference, perhaps, of a loaf of bread or pint of milk. Other Borough Councils look round, please.

Giving the Show Away.

How is this for sheer humbug? A leaderette in a Cardiff paper assails the "thousands of people" in "London hotels and restaurants"—not in South Wales, of course—guzzling and gobbling all the good things money can buy. That is in London, so the paper says; not in Cardiff, oh, dear no! Immediately following is an advertisement of a Cardiff restaurant, headed "Sensations." The "patrons of its Café Chantant leave their worries behind. The Merry Abandon—the Smiling Face—the Coloured Lights . . . quite Continental are their—Sensations!" The promise there of "guzzling and gobbling" puts in the shade the snuffling cant immediately above it.

Bracketed Together.

Gwilym Evans, carpenter, of Aberaman, has been granted total exemption, conditionally upon taking up work of national importance. Pleading his "Conscience," he proved himself as low-down a slanderer as any we have come across. Asked how long he had held his opinions, he wrote that he "had been warned when a boy of the danger of falling into bad company, such as soldiers, drunkards, and gamblers." The mere presence of such a being among a company of soldiers would be an insult, though it is possible that many decent men who have read his outrageous writing would be delighted to meet him once. He will be wise to shun the company of soldiers more than ever.

Pity the Poor—Householder!

In these days the householder's lot is not altogether a happy one, but he grins and bears it as long as he is convinced that his hardships are necessarily imposed by war conditions. A West Kensington resident, however, does feel aggrieved, and, we think, justly so. Six weeks ago some ornamental work on the top of his house was shot down by our anti-aircraft guns, the material falling on, and into, the dust-bin, and damaging that useful receptacle. Ever since then the gentlemen who, for a consideration, are good enough to remove the household refuse, have declined to touch the bin, as amongst its miscellaneous contents is a small amount of plaster. The Fulham Borough Council, the Local Authority concerned, have been communicated with, but nothing is done. Oh, for a business—Borough Council!

200 Fine Turkeys to be won as "Bullets" Prizes this week. See page 20.

FOOLED FOR THREE YEARS.

SINCERITY IS THE HIGHEST ATTRIBUTE OF STATESMANSHIP.

BY A. G. HALES.

THE present hour is pregnant with destiny; the patience of the people is straining to the breaking point—they have been fooled for three years, and the politicians who have done the fooling are so ineffably stupid that they have fooled themselves with their own charlatanism. They are pinpricking the nation to the verge of madness, and yet are so smugly self-satisfied that they cannot see that confusion has run to chaos under their backboneless meddling and muddling. There is a lot of wild talk all over the country, and that talk is the harvest of some big politicians who do not know how to govern. There are extremists who sing "The Red Flag" and talk of "revolution" because they are weary to death of the little tin gods in Parliament, who promise all things under heaven, and never deliver the goods. They, like the rest of us, are weary of "great speeches" uttered in reply to enemy acts. The jawbone may have been an efficient weapon of war in the days of the Philistines; it is no good against the Huns. If it had been, we should have won the war long ago. There is another section of the community—saner and more level-headed than this Red Flag division—which is tired beyond expression of the three years of fooling. It talks of massing the people in millions to march to Buckingham Palace, to demand that the King shall exercise his right, and prorogue this Parliament of word-masters, meddlers and muddlers, in order that we may elect a Parliament composed of men who will imprison the twenty-five thousand German spies in our midst; give us reprisals for outrages; win the war; crush aggressive militarism off the face of Europe, and do it without allowing our own people to be plundered right and left by influential hucksters in our midst. I have heard of men, controlling hundreds of thousands of workers, who favour this latter method of setting our house in order. Personally, I know of no better plan; something must be done, and done quickly.

Rampant Robbery.

There is not a shadow of a doubt that we are in the midst of the most disgraceful "ramp" that ever soiled the annals of this country. Everything the people eat, wear, or use to warm themselves is being preyed upon by the "Get-rich-quick" gentry. They are assisted by the old-womanish legislation that is served out from St. Stephen's under the name of statesmanship. The men and women of the people cannot purchase a pound of tea—this necessary commodity has to be hunted for from shop to shop, by the ounce. Is there a real shortage of tea in this kingdom? I do not believe there is, or ever has been, since the outbreak of war. But there is, and has been, an almighty lot of jugglery and underground engineering in connection with its sale and purchase. Sugar, like tea, has to be sought after as if it were diamond dust. Is there a real shortage of sugar; or is it, shall I say, a matter of high finance? Butter and bacon are things that can only be obtained by prayer—and payment of extortionate prices; butter by the quarter pound, bacon by the "rasher." Is there a serious shortage in these commodities? No, there is not, nor ever has been; but, thanks to the utter uselessness of our present legislature, this is the public plunderers' golden opportunity to make the masses pay through the nose, and compel them to put up with grandmotherly rules and restrictions. Coal, the only thing that can make winter nights endurable, is also under the ban; it is within the sweep of the "ramp," and the whole degrading state of affairs is traceable directly to the House of Commons as it at present exists. Small wonder if the King is asked to prorogue this body that has muddled everything, and yet goes on voting itself a longer lease of life and—perquisites.

The Army and the Navy.

Food, clothing and warmth—all are being filched from the masses, or wrested from them, by stupidity; and the awful bungling of our fighting strength is just as evident, in spite of denials in Parliament. Our cities are bombed and no reprisals are made on enemy towns. Sham attacks on city outskirts are not reprisals—that is only part and parcel of the fooling served up to the British people for three years. The little tin potentates who are doing it, and calling it clever, may get a rude awakening after the next raid. We know the gallant French have helped us; we know the splendid Americans are going to help us; but we have airmen and machines as good as the best, and we are falling to zero in the world's estimation because we do not avenge our own wrongs, and defend our own cities and the women and children in them. It is the politician, and only the politician, who is responsible for our fall in the world's eyes. Look at our Navy, the greatest the world has ever seen, manned by men as good and great as those who won us the mastery of the seas. Yet that Navy remained idle whilst the Huns worked their own will on Russia's coasts—a poor reward to the Russians who sent their army into East Prussia to take the strain off our army and the French army in the early days of the war. Had our Navy struck a blow to help the Russians, it would have been helping us by lowering Hun prestige on the seas. It was the chance a Nelson or a Pitt would have leapt at. We did nothing—the Huns throw out the taunt that we were afraid to go and fight. A lie, but a lie made possible by those who have fooled us for three years. Look again, even whilst their Grand Fleet was attacking Russia, the Huns sank two of our war craft and a number of merchantmen; they were convoying within seventy miles of our coast. Why? Because the men who have fooled us for three years put a clever criminal lawyer and an excellent railway manager virtually in control of our Fleet—Sir Eric Geddes and Sir E. Carson, both able, competent men in their own spheres of action, but neither of them possessing the slightest knowledge of naval affairs. No statesman has a right thus to juggle with a nation's safety.

Promise Without Fulfilment.

Are we to have any more of this insane fooling; will the nation stand it, or shall we appeal to the King? Look at the Army; what proper provision has been made for the broken men? Here the ghastly fooling becomes tragedy unspeakable. Three years of promises; how much fulfilment? Is it not time this nation struck a balance? Next comes the submarine peril. How real it is to-day let the latest record of sunken ships portray. So the ghastly tale of incompetence goes on. Ireland in arms—civil war threatening—all because of a broken promise and want of wise management; a good portion of our mercantile marine at the bottom of the sea; chaos in every department of retail trade through old-womanish interference where interference was not necessary, and almost criminal apathy where vigorous action should have been taken against men in high places on the ramp after the public's money. Nothing left intact except the nation's splendid spirit of determination to fight on until the detestable enemy is humbled into the dust—his power broken beyond all hope of revival, and the cup of vengeance drained to the dregs. We have been fooled over-long.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty.

MY DEAR SUPER-DREADNOUGHT,—A few words in your private ear about that North Sea convoy episode off you know where. I understand you are going to explain in the House of Commons how the two Germhun cruisers sank two British destroyers and nine neutral boats before the Mistress of the Seas could say "Davy Beatty," and then scooted off like greased lightning with their fingers to their nose. It will take some explaining, it seems to me, but I'll be fair and leave you to do it if you can. What I want to say to you for the moment is this: Next time you have any first-class disasters to record, be good enough to gag the garrulous idiot who slobbered through the Admiralty *communiqué* bewailing Germhun naughtiness with the enthusiasm of a governess inculcating high principles into a nursery of budding British patriots. We have all had just about enough of that sort of official snivel.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Lovat.

DEAR MY LORD,—I am anxious to assume that you are quite ignorant of that little episode on your Beauly estate the other day, in which case you will no doubt welcome a small slice of information. It seems that two ladies, gathering blackberries for dinner, with the complete approval of the Food Controller, were peremptorily ordered off by one of your gamekeepers—not because they were doing any damage, but for fear they might disturb the pheasants. Now I am informed that, as a result of this little affair, it is being caustically remarked in the neighbourhood of Beauly that, perhaps after all, the war is being fought "to protect Lord Lovat's pheasants." Lord love it! How shocked you must be!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Bath City Magistrates.

DEAR JUSTICE,—I see that at the Bath City Police Court the other day a woman complained that at a local bootseller's she had been fobbed off with a sample of footwear consisting mostly of paper. Apparently you were satisfied of the truth of this statement, although you declined to grant a summons on the ground that "no fraud had been perpetrated." To the lay mind this may seem a curious finding, although from a legal standpoint I quite appreciate your position. At the same time, doesn't it occur to you that in the public interest, and in justice to honest tradesmen, you might have published the name of the dishonest bootseller as a wholesome warning to the other sort?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. Judson Page, St. Thomas, Exeter.

CLACKING CLERIC,—I see that you, too, have been plunging chin-deep into speculation about the meaning and mystery of the war. Apparently you think we are suffering the just punishment of the Almighty because, by the Parliament Act, the Bishops in the House of Lords have been made subservient to the Commons in matters of finance. "To put it bluntly," you say, "it is Simoniacal sin against the Spirit." I must confess that I hadn't thought of this before, and now that I have thought of it I think even less of it, so to speak, than before I thought of it at all. To put it bluntly, as you say—but there, there! Perhaps what you most need is kindness. Try a rest cure.

JOHN BULL.

To Tom Brown, Esq., J.P., Bradford City Bench.

DEAR MR. TOM BROWN,—I am entirely with you in your protest against the action of some Bradford landlords in applying to the Magistrates for Ejectment Orders against the dependents of fighting men. It appears that the Finance Committee of the Bradford Relief Fund have offered assistance in all such cases, and there is consequently no excuse for those property-owners who have fallen back upon the harsh processes of law. This is the view you have taken, and I am glad to notice that in several instances your intervention has been attended with the happiest results. For this public service sincere thanks are due to you. Admirably you are living up to your honest British name.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord d'Abernon, K.C.M.G., the Uncontrolled Board, Canada House, Kingsway, W.C.

MY DEAR BOARD,—As a thorough-going, whole-hearted economist of national resources you are Eclipse and the rest all of a tumble. You have kept us off the drink as eagerly as the profiteers have tried to keep us off the food, and the Economy Committee off new hats. To crown that great service—to put, as it were, the coping stone of immortality on the edifice of glory—I perceive that you and your colleagues have established in Carlisle a State restaurant at the small cost of £20,000, for the sale of five-course dinners to an abstemious but self-sacrificing multitude. It will be evident to anybody that this long-felt want in Carlisle is a vivid monument of splendid thrift. As soon as the nation learns that only £20,000 of War Loan has been invested in five-course dinners, it will sleep in peace and get up in the morning more determined than ever to win the war.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—I have no reason to think that you are one of the "anti"-everything cranks. But you have made a terrible blunder in placing your veto upon the ancient and glorious British sport of steeplechasing—the father of hunting, the joy of the soldier-rider, the greatest test of the stamina of the thoroughbred. Who has got at you? Lord Rhondda assures me that, as Food Controller, he does not stand in the way; and the railway difficulty is all bunkum. If necessary, however, we are prepared to confine the meetings to venues which may be reached by road. I say "*if* necessary"—but it is not. Is it, then, "public opinion" that you are once more afraid of? If so, you shall have it in full measure. Reconsider your decision, I beg you, before it is too late. Small owners, little trainers, and those engaged in essential kindred industries will not lightly submit to ruin. Nor will those interested in the British thoroughbred stand quietly by and see our hardiest stock go abroad. *Nor will the workers consent to be deprived of that recreation which, as Admiral Jellicoe points out, is essential to their welfare.* Mark these words—and be wise in time.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. Cunliffe, Military Representative, Southwark Tribunal.

SIR,—I do wish some of you Military Representatives would cease to conduct yourselves before the Tribunals as though you were the whole British Army. Only the other day one of your *confrères* made a sort of a joke of the fact that though the British public thought they had got civilian Medical Boards, they really hadn't, for they were practically the same lot—the only difference being that they had doffed the khaki and donned the black. That may be so and probably is so, but I wondered why he did not shut his mouth before he said it. Now here *you* are, bobbing up at Southwark to tell the Tribunal that the coming of the new Medical Boards will enable you to criticise with greater freedom "the medical certificates produced by appellants from specialists and private practitioners." *You* criticise medical certificates! Thunder and lightning, who were you before you got into khaki? Who are you *now?* Dean Swift once said that elephants were always drawn smaller than life and fleas always larger than life, and though I am no artist I can believe him.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. Gordon Mee, Wesleyan Church, Doncaster.

OH DEAR MEE!—I see you have smudged your slate. At the Doncaster Police Court the other day you were fined £2 for one of those little affairs of jam and sugar that have been rather common of late. Of course, there was something to be said in your favour, and it was said at considerable length by the solicitor who defended you; but finally the Magistrates decided that you had "diddled" the Food Controller, and so, amid the weeping and wailing of the Wesleyans, you were fined as stated. By the way, I see that even the Mayor of Doncaster—who, I believe, is a prominent member of your flock—clings to the opinion that you never meant to do wrong. Tell me, how did it happen? Did you fill up the form in your sleep?

JOHN BULL.

A PERNICIOUS PACIFIST.

BRAILSFORD, THE FALSE PASSPORT AND THE ANARCHIST BOMB.

There are pests in our Press, just as there are obnoxious creatures in various parts of the country, who would have the world believe that the Allies are the enemies of peace, that Germany is the one Power which would sacrifice everything that war might cease and the loving brotherhood of man once more reign upon earth. Diplomatists may tell of the cunning devices of the Kaiser to make war inevitable, the mysterious archives of the Chancelleries of Europe may render up their secrets, revealing the determination of the enemy to make war on mankind; yet nothing will abate the poisonous insinuations of the so-called Pacifists that the Allies were the first and the chief offenders. We remember Ramsay Macdonald's lying assertion that this country went to war to give the Navy something to do and because the Foreign Minister was anti-German. Well, that creature's measure has long since been taken by the British people, and his word carries no more weight than the word of a criminal lunatic. But another member of the Union of Democratic Control (that body whose Executive Committee includes the notorious Norman Angell, and the pro-German E. D. Morel, who at this moment is serving a well-deserved term of imprisonment) is doing his best by persistent writing, notably in the *Nation*, to put Germany in the right and the Allies in the wrong. Behind all his opinions we have the vicious creed of the Pacifist that peace should be made at whatever cost; the specious pleá that because war is wrong it must be brought to an end even though the ideals and the lofty aims which influence us and our Allies have not been achieved. This man—H. N. Brailsford, a member of the General Council of the U.D.C.—can find it in his Pacifist heart to write a whole pamphlet to excuse or justify Germany's ambitions in Turkey, and to gloss over the real meaning of her lust for the Berlin-Bagdad railway. "If we aim at an enduring peace," says this pro-German Pacifist, "we must realise that to leave our enemy with a grievance is to defeat our hopes of peace, no less certainly than to cherish one ourselves." And this is the kind of stuff the British public are asked to swallow from a man who spends his energies and his ink in denouncing Russia as the real instigator of the war. "One current popular view, Mr. Wilson's view, that one evil will, the will of the rulers of Germany, deliberately made the world war, planned it, dated it, and marched into it with conscious determination—that is a misreading of history which is driving civilisation through darkness to suicide." Was there ever a more cynical and deliberate "misreading of history" than this base attempt to turn the tables and put Germany in the right? Play is made with certain evidence given in Russia to justify his assertion that Russia made the war and to pretend that while the old Germany, as he calls it, said that arbitration and The Hague were "a misprint on the history of civilisation," the Germany of to-day—the murderous, lying, treacherous Germany—would in her own words "build the future upon it." France's just claim to the return of the rich provinces wrung from her in 1870 is denounced, and our statesmen, "by merely backing France, are becoming partisans and renouncing their natural rôle of moderators in Europe." Now we have quoted so much of this man's prejudiced writings before recalling an incident in his career which bears an ugly look, having regard to his anti-Russian views. It was this man Brailsford who, with another person named McCullogh, was sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice on a charge of having conspired to obtain from the British Foreign Office by means of a false declaration a passport for use in Russia, which was subsequently found upon the remains of a man killed in a bomb explosion in St. Petersburg. Brailsford was convicted of an act "tending to create public mischief"—and was guilty, in the words of Lord Alverston, of "a serious offence," although he put aside any idea of improper motive. Brailsford was fined £100—a light sentence in view of all the circumstances. This is the man who to-day is doing his best to put Russia in a false light, and in our view is playing a dangerous and a deceptive part in painting Germany in colours favourable to her low and despicable intrigues to create dissension among the Allies. His pen is pernicious, his influence is anti-British, and he should be prevented from continuing his writings in the public Press.

THE SHOP WINDOW—AND THE STREET.

STRIKING COMMENTARY ON "SAVING" CAMPAIGN.

Some of the West End "Stores" should know better—there may be offenders in other parts of London. We happen to have noticed *them*; that's their misfortune. They deserved to be noticed; that's their fault. In their windows the other day we saw all sorts of wondrous delicacies to tickle the palates of bored people—dainty knick-knacks that cost the price of a square meal. And outside one window we saw three people standing—one was a wounded soldier on crutches—one was a discharged soldier, marked with a silver badge and two bits of gold braid; one was a young woman in shabby black. The soldiers, of course, were shabby, for a loving country dresses its wounded heroes like paupers; so that they shan't feel the bump when they are discharged. They were talking loudly and bitterly about the window display, and the things they said made me blush. It is up to these Stores to stop that window display. The wounded man was jocose in his anger; the "chuck-out" was just savage; the woman said little, but her words cut. "'Ave a little boar's 'ead, matey," said the soldier, "or will you try some horse dooves?" Matey swore. The woman said: "And my little baby can't get her milk!" It appeared that the woman's husband was in the trenches—had been there for close on three years—last leave six months ago—found his wife on the rocks and could do nothing. The wounded man was a bachelor, "thank Gawd!" The discharged man was out of work because his patriotic firm wouldn't have him back. One after another they talked of the black scarcity and dearness of food, the dread of famine—and all the while overflowing plenty to whet the appetite stared at them from the shop-window. "I'd like to break into their blank shop and smash their fat ugly faces," said the discharged man. The soldier lit a fag-end and laughed. The woman repeated her one dreadful phrase: "*And my little baby can't get her milk.*"

SLIGHTING A DEAD SOLDIER.

ARE FUNERAL HONOURS RESERVED FOR HUNS?

Perhaps it is too much to expect that we should treat discharged soldiers as heroes. We know that at the Front the business of killing Huns is too pressing for more than a brief salute to heroic death. But when a hero dies in England, can we do no better than just shovel him into the earth? They have done a lot for us, these boys, and their reward is paltry. Can't we at least give them a proper send-off on their last journey? Many, far too many, of our brave battalions were pushed out to France stealthily. There may have been military reasons for that, though we doubt it. It wouldn't have helped the Germans much if we had had a chance to send all our boys away with drums tapping and bugles blowing, and flags waving from the house-tops. It was just the stupidity of officials who don't know, or don't care, how ordinary fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, feel. But now there is no such question. Here, in England, is the body of a hero. Has he not deserved a soldier's burial? Sometimes, of course, he gets it. Often he does not. Here is a case: Private D. Bygrave, Gloucester Regiment, enlisted in 1915, and went quickly to France. He was afterwards wounded in the head and gassed. He was sent home to Blighty. He died on arrival here. His body was brought to his native place—Shephall, Herts—and he was buried there like a civilian, "no Union Jack, no firing party," as a friend of his writes—nothing at all. He has done his turn; he has served his purpose—why bother any more with this poor heroic clay? There are, of course, plenty of soldiers near by—at Stevenage and Hitchin, for example, only two miles away. They have their work, no doubt, but not one of them would grudge time spent in doing this last honour to a dead comrade. There is no excuse. It is just shocking, shameful neglect. And the case does not stand alone.

A CHANGE OF TUNE.

THE BRITISH LION: "But, hang it all, that's just what I started out to do!"

MUZZLE THE BEAST.

GROSS ABUSE OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Who's this man, A. Berman, of 28, Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester? Change a letter, and you'd get a very good idea of his conduct. As a matter of fact, an ingeniously placed label covers the corner of the document on which appears the wording, "London, Berlin, Frankfort, Fuerth." The locality of the three first named places we all know—the last is probably a variation in spelling of Fürth, the second manufacturing town of Bavaria. Berman deals in "rubber goods," and he sends canvassing letters enclosing samples of his dirty trade. He is also an "advertising novelty contractor," and he says he deals in balloons. He is, anyhow, a dirty beast, and the police ought to look him up. Imagine what would happen if such a letter — with its filthy enclosure —as now lies before us were opened in the presence of a wife! What would she think? Like as not, the domestic happiness of a family would be broken up. Much cares this estimable British citizen (we conclude he must be that, or why is he at large?). "Men must live," and he must peddle his dirty wares. Must he? What are the police doing? Why are such creatures allowed to insult decent Englishmen in this disgusting way? We have not the infinite pleasure of knowing A. Berman, and we don't want to—except from the other end of a police-court. We don't know whether or not he is of military age. He may be a strapping young blackguard of twenty-one, or a hoary-headed old rascal with a long beard. He may be (Heaven forbid it!) a Special Constable engaged in stopping you and me from standing treat or playing nap in public places. But it's plain he has too much time on his hands, and "Dora" ought to take him up, and give him a little healthy exercise picking oakum in a nice clean sanitized cell. If the authorities leave him alone, the more reason for the Press expressing its opinion of his little manœuvres.

ADVERTISED "CHARITY."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CADBURY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In response to our recent criticisms, Messrs. Cadbury Brothers have flooded the country with leaflets blazoning forth the extent of their contributions to "War Charities." By the inclusion of subscriptions to various Quaker organisations, among them the Emergency Committee for the Relief of Distressed Huns—bashfully entitled the "Society of Friends' Emergency Fund"—Messrs. Cadbury have managed to present a total of £50,225. We have no desire to deprive the firm of any credit that properly belongs to them. Common honesty, however, suggests a closer examination of these published acts of "charity." In the first place, we notice an item of £10,000 as the nucleus of a "Fund for employees disabled in the war, and dependents of those killed," an admirable provision, certainly, but not a whit more, relatively, than has been done by many other firms who have not troubled to litter the country with a catalogue of their benefactions. In any case, this is largely a domestic concern in which the public are likely to be less interested than in the donation of £4,750 to the Society of Friends' Ambulance Unit, that notorious asylum for Conscientious Objects of which, from the beginning of the war, Messrs. Cadbury have been the enthusiastic patrons. On the other hand, we notice that the pathetic appeal of our blinded soldiers has moved the gentle hearts of the Cadbury Brothers only to the trifling extent of £500, as compared with the £2,250 earmarked for the aid and comfort of Huns in Distress. On the whole, it has to be said that, as far as genuine British war funds are concerned, Messrs. Cadbury have done no more than might have been expected of a firm which for years past has been extracting mammoth profits from the pockets of the public; while in regard to German funds, we see no reason to retract a syllable of what we have said.

A PERNICIOUS PACIFIST.

BRAILSFORD, THE FALSE PASSPORT AND THE ANARCHIST BOMB.

There are pests in our Press, just as there are obnoxious creatures in various parts of the country, who would have the world believe that the Allies are the enemies of peace, that Germany is the one Power which would sacrifice everything that war might cease and the loving brotherhood of man once more reign upon earth. Diplomatists may tell of the cunning devices of the Kaiser to make war inevitable, the mysterious archives of the Chancelleries of Europe may render up their secrets, revealing the determination of the enemy to make war on mankind; yet nothing will abate the poisonous insinuations of the so-called Pacifists that the Allies were the first and the chief offenders. We remember Ramsay Macdonald's lying assertion that this country went to war to give the Navy something to do and because the Foreign Minister was anti-German. Well, that creature's measure has long since been taken by the British people, and his word carries no more weight than the word of a criminal lunatic. But another member of the Union of Democratic Control (that body whose Executive Committee includes the notorious Norman Angell, and the pro-German E. D. Morel, who at this moment is serving a well-deserved term of imprisonment) is doing his best by persistent writing, notably in the *Nation*, to put Germany in the right and the Allies in the wrong. Behind all his opinions we have the vicious creed of the Pacifist that peace should be made at whatever cost; the specious pleá that because war is wrong it must be brought to an end even though the ideals and the lofty aims which influence us and our Allies have not been achieved. This man—H. N. Brailsford, a member of the General Council of the U.D.C.—can find it in his Pacifist heart to write a whole pamphlet to excuse or justify Germany's ambitions in Turkey, and to gloss over the real meaning of her lust for the Berlin-Bagdad railway. "If we aim at an enduring peace," says this pro-German Pacifist, "we must realise that to leave our enemy with a grievance is to defeat our hopes of peace, no less certainly than to cherish one ourselves." And this is the kind of stuff the British public are asked to swallow from a man who spends his energies and his ink in denouncing Russia as the real instigator of the war. "One current popular view, Mr. Wilson's view, that one evil will, the will of the rulers of Germany, deliberately made the world war, planned it, dated it, and marched into it with conscious determination—that is a misreading of history which is driving civilisation through darkness to suicide." Was there ever a more cynical and deliberate "misreading of history" than this base attempt to turn the tables and put Germany in the right? Play is made with certain evidence given in Russia to justify his assertion that Russia made the war and to pretend that while the old Germany, as he calls it, said that arbitration and The Hague were "a misprint on the history of civilisation," the Germany of to-day—the murderous, lying, treacherous Germany—would in her own words "build the future upon it." France's just claim to the return of the rich provinces wrung from her in 1870 is denounced, and our statesmen, "by merely backing France, are becoming partisans and renouncing their natural rôle of moderators in Europe." Now we have quoted so much of this man's prejudiced writings before recalling an incident in his career which bears an ugly look, having regard to his anti-Russian views. It was this man Brailsford who, with another person named McCullogh, was sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice on a charge of having conspired to obtain from the British Foreign Office by means of a false declaration a passport for use in Russia, which was subsequently found upon the remains of a man killed in a bomb explosion in St. Petersburg. Brailsford was convicted of an act "tending to create public mischief"—and was guilty, in the words of Lord Alverston, of "a serious offence," although he put aside any idea of improper motive. Brailsford was fined £100—a light sentence in view of all the circumstances. This is the man who to-day is doing his best to put Russia in a false light, and in our view is playing a dangerous and a deceptive part in painting Germany in colours favourable to her low and despicable intrigues to create dissension among the Allies. His pen is pernicious, his influence is anti-British, and he should be prevented from continuing his writings in the public Press.

THE SHOP WINDOW—AND THE STREET.

STRIKING COMMENTARY ON "SAVING" CAMPAIGN.

Some of the West End "Stores" should know better—there may be offenders in other parts of London. We happen to have noticed *them*; that's their misfortune. They deserved to be noticed; that's their fault. In their windows the other day we saw all sorts of wondrous delicacies to tickle the palates of bored people—dainty knick-knacks that cost the price of a square meal. And outside one window we saw three people standing—one was a wounded soldier on crutches—one was a discharged soldier, marked with a silver badge and two bits of gold braid; one was a young woman in shabby black. The soldiers, of course, were shabby, for a loving country dresses its wounded heroes like paupers; so that they shan't feel the bump when they are discharged. They were talking loudly and bitterly about the window display, and the things they said made me blush. It is up to these Stores to stop that window display. The wounded man was jocose in his anger; the "chuck-out" was just savage; the woman said little, but her words cut. "'Ave a little boar's 'ead, matey," said the soldier, "or will you try some horse dooves?" Matey swore. The woman said: "And my little baby can't get her milk!" It appeared that the woman's husband was in the trenches—had been there for close on three years—last leave six months ago—found his wife on the rocks and could do nothing. The wounded man was a bachelor, "thank Gawd!" The discharged man was out of work because his patriotic firm wouldn't have him back. One after another they talked of the black scarcity and dearness of food, the dread of famine—and all the while overflowing plenty to whet the appetite stared at them from the shop-window. "I'd like to break into their blank shop and smash their fat ugly faces," said the discharged man. The soldier lit a fag-end and laughed. The woman repeated her one dreadful phrase: "*And my little baby can't get her milk.*"

SLIGHTING A DEAD SOLDIER.

ARE FUNERAL HONOURS RESERVED FOR HUNS?

Perhaps it is too much to expect that we should treat discharged soldiers as heroes. We know that at the Front the business of killing Huns is too pressing for more than a brief salute to heroic death. But when a hero dies in England, can we do no better than just shovel him into the earth? They have done a lot for us, these boys, and their reward is paltry. Can't we at least give them a proper send-off on their last journey? Many, far too many, of our brave battalions were pushed out to France stealthily. There may have been military reasons for that, though we doubt it. It wouldn't have helped the Germans much if we had had a chance to send all our boys away with drums tapping and bugles blowing, and flags waving from the house-tops. It was just the stupidity of officials who don't know, or don't care, how ordinary fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, feel. But now there is no such question. Here, in England, is the body of a hero. Has he not deserved a soldier's burial? Sometimes, of course, he gets it. Often he does not. Here is a case: Private D. Bygrave, Gloucester Regiment, enlisted in 1915, and went quickly to France. He was afterwards wounded in the head and gassed. He was sent home to Blighty. He died on arrival here. His body was brought to his native place—Shephall, Herts—and he was buried there like a civilian, "no Union Jack, no firing party," as a friend of his writes—nothing at all. He has done his turn; he has served his purpose—why bother any more with this poor heroic clay? There are, of course, plenty of soldiers near by—at Stevenage and Hitchin, for example, only two miles away. They have their work, no doubt, but not one of them would grudge time spent in doing this last honour to a dead comrade. There is no excuse. It is just shocking, shameful neglect. And the case does not stand alone.

A CHANGE OF TUNE.

THE BRITISH LION: "But, hang it all, that's just what I started out to do!"

MUZZLE THE BEAST.

GROSS ABUSE OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Who's this man, A. Berman, of 28, Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester? Change a letter, and you'd get a very good idea of his conduct. As a matter of fact, an ingeniously placed label covers the corner of the document on which appears the wording, "London, Berlin, Frankfort, Fuerth." The locality of the three first named places we all know—the last is probably a variation in spelling of Fürth, the second manufacturing town of Bavaria. Berman deals in "rubber goods," and he sends canvassing letters enclosing samples of his dirty trade. He is also an "advertising novelty contractor," and he says he deals in balloons. He is, anyhow, a dirty beast, and the police ought to look him up. Imagine what would happen if such a letter — with its filthy enclosure —as now lies before us were opened in the presence of a wife! What would she think? Like as not, the domestic happiness of a family would be broken up. Much cares this estimable British citizen (we conclude he must be that, or why is he at large?). "Men must live," and he must peddle his dirty wares. Must he? What are the police doing? Why are such creatures allowed to insult decent Englishmen in this disgusting way? We have not the infinite pleasure of knowing A. Berman, and we don't want to—except from the other end of a police-court. We don't know whether or not he is of military age. He may be a strapping young blackguard of twenty-one, or a hoary-headed old rascal with a long beard. He may be (Heaven forbid it!) a Special Constable engaged in stopping you and me from standing treat or playing nap in public places. But it's plain he has too much time on his hands, and "Dora" ought to take him up, and give him a little healthy exercise picking oakum in a nice clean sanitized cell. If the authorities leave him alone, the more reason for the Press expressing its opinion of his little manœuvres.

ADVERTISED "CHARITY."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CADBURY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In response to our recent criticisms, Messrs. Cadbury Brothers have flooded the country with leaflets blazoning forth the extent of their contributions to "War Charities." By the inclusion of subscriptions to various Quaker organisations, among them the Emergency Committee for the Relief of Distressed Huns—bashfully entitled the "Society of Friends' Emergency Fund"—Messrs. Cadbury have managed to present a total of £50,225. We have no desire to deprive the firm of any credit that properly belongs to them. Common honesty, however, suggests a closer examination of these published acts of "charity." In the first place, we notice an item of £10,000 as the nucleus of a "Fund for employees disabled in the war, and dependents of those killed," an admirable provision, certainly, but not a whit more, relatively, than has been done by many other firms who have not troubled to litter the country with a catalogue of their benefactions. In any case, this is largely a domestic concern in which the public are likely to be less interested than in the donation of £4,750 to the Society of Friends' Ambulance Unit, that notorious asylum for Conscientious Objects of which, from the beginning of the war, Messrs. Cadbury have been the enthusiastic patrons. On the other hand, we notice that the pathetic appeal of our blinded soldiers has moved the gentle hearts of the Cadbury Brothers only to the trifling extent of £500, as compared with the £2,250 earmarked for the aid and comfort of Huns in Distress. On the whole, it has to be said that, as far as genuine British war funds are concerned, Messrs. Cadbury have done no more than might have been expected of a firm which for years past has been extracting mammoth profits from the pockets of the public; while in regard to German funds, we see no reason to retract a syllable of what we have said.

STILL TAKI

Jellicoe's With Me—Who's Got at Sm

By THE EDI

IT begins to look as though the Government had been waiting for my return from the Front to know how the war really *is* going on in the West! I came back and said "The war is won." Then General Smuts startled the duller of his colleagues by the public declaration that "The war is over." Then Mr. Churchill—whilst, of course, like a responsible Minister, playing for safety—spoke of "the thin partition which divides the enemy from utter collapse." And now comes Admiral Jellicoe, of all men in the world, telling us that "the war is all but won." Even the cautious Carson declares that "in the midst of all this horrible devastation, of piracy, murder and chaos" he sees "the dawn of the rising sun of success." And, on the top of all, these cautious feelers for Peace proposals from the enemy. Sir Edward Carson, again, says he "wishes to make it clear" that "up to the present Germany has made no definite offer"—obviously hinting that we are ready to receive one.

Still Taking Odds.

For myself, I am still taking odds. That is to say, I am still of the opinion that Haig will have practically finished his task by Christmas. I have already explained that that opinion is not based upon any assumption of military knowledge, but that it is derived from the considered and informed views expressed to me, and from very special information afforded to me, during my recent visit to the Western Front. And it is decidedly comforting to find myself in company with these official "fatuous optimists." At the time of writing, Haig, after recuperating, is making another spring at the enemy; whilst France—France, the inexhaustible and the unbeatable—is again at his throat. And it is no longer a secret, not only that the German army is utterly demoralised, but also that the civilian population is *in extremis*. I have known this for some time, but have said nothing when we have had official assurances to the contrary. Now, however, the truth is coming out. General Smuts—who, as I think I can show, has been specially delegated by the Government to prepare the way for Peace—tells us "the desire for Peace in Germany and Austria is indescribable. It is due to the sufferings of the people—of which here we have no conception." Please remember, this is the statement of a member of the War Cabinet—with access to every kind of secret information. Then, again, listen to this from Sir Edward Carson: "Do you think Austria wants to go on? I *know* that she does not—and I am not talking lightly. Do you think Turkey wants to go on? I *know* that she does not." The tremendous thrust at Italy is a desperate stroke to gain a dramatic victory and stop the rot in Austria. As regards Turkey—well, she no longer counts. Always crafty and treacherous, she will slip out of the war at the earliest opportunity—either attempting a compact with Russia, or throwing herself on the mercy of the Allies. In spite of the Italian setback, can you doubt the end is near? I have always predicted that the war would collapse as suddenly as it began; and I adhere to that opinion. The Kaiser's number is up, and although Sir Edward Carson may be technically correct when he says that no definite peace overture has yet been made to the Allies, he will not deny that informal proposals—known to emanate from Germany—have reached Britain through an influential channel; nor will Mr. Balfour deny that statement. In these circumstances, therefore, we must be on our guard.

A Sinister Breakfast.

But what worries me more than anything else is the report which I have on pretty good authority, that part of the War Aims Campaign is to be a crusade by the parsons in favour of a "reasonable" Peace. Did you notice that little function at Downing Street the other morning? "The Prime Minister entertained about eighty clergymen of all denominations, whose visit lasted two hours. *The meal was followed by an informal talk on the present war position.*" That is the Press announcement; and nothing more sinister has appeared in the papers for a long time. Eighty parsons discussing "the present war position" with the Prime Minister! What on earth has it to do with them? What have the parsons done to help win the war? We know the Bishops won't let their clergy go and fight; we know that many of them have preached that it is a punishment for our political and social sins—such as Welsh Disestablishment and Sunday amusements! We know that the Church has promoted a "National Mission of Repentance and Hope"—and it has been almost unanimous against Reprisals. It has even warned us against the sin of growing potatoes on Sunday! And that is about all the parsons *have* done. Where is the big Preacher? Has any one arisen out of this world-tragedy to comfort the bereaved, to cheer the fighting men—to succour the souls of a distracted nation? Why, then, should these men be brought upon the scene at this critical moment in the history of the war? We have pleaded for ages against a Politicians' Peace. God spare us from a Parsons' Peace! I do not like the look of that breakfast at all. I wonder what the menu consisted of—that they drank cocoa is certain; and I should not be surprised if—speaking "Pacifically"—they were asked to eat Welsh leeks.

What's the Game?

There is a funny game going on somewhere. The politicians are at it again. Always apprehensive of their personal reputations, and of their loss of power, they will snatch at any pretext for saying that they have won the war; and there can be no doubt whatever that they are now throwing out feelers for a patched-up, inconclusive settlement; and although, with loyalty to his colleagues, General Smuts is prepared to voice their views, it is obvious that he is not quite happy about it. I look in vain for a reiteration of that bold declaration that in no circumstances would we give back the African Colonies we have wrested from Germany. And I look in vain for other things previous speeches had accustomed us to. There was a significant

ING ODDS!

Smuts?—A Sinister Breakfast Party.

EDITOR.

phrase in that speech of his at Sheffield—"The making of Peace is going to be more difficult than the making of war. It is an enormous task, *which is about too much for human power, insight and courage. . . . I don't trust the diplomatists and the statesmen. . . .* We don't want secret diplomacy." That, of course, all sounds very nice—and I only wish it could have been left there. I much fear, however, that this declaration was either a harmless protest against what is going on behind the scenes, or else a subtle preparation for a compromise. Indeed, when you come to read other parts of the speech, there is the gravest cause for apprehension. Truth to tell, I am not at all happy about General Smuts. He is a fine product of our great experiment in South African self-government, after a long and bitter war; and he has endeared himself to the British nation alike by his large abilities as a soldier and his high qualities as a man. In fact, he has earned the reputation of being a leader to be trusted. But I cannot help feeling that the Whitehall mandarins have got at him.

Who's Got at Smuts?

Indeed, taken in conjunction with the speech of Sir Edward Carson, I cannot resist the impression that this War Aims Campaign is nothing more or less than a dodge for doctoring public opinion. "No Peace until Germany is prepared to evacuate all those countries she has overrun"—thus speaks Smuts; and we read that this heroic declaration was received with loud cheers. Perhaps the gallant General gave the table a good thumping as he made it. But what does it mean? Simply that Germany is to go out of France and Belgium, and provided—to quote the speech again—"that she recognises that the rights of small nations must be secured," and that all future differences shall be settled by arbitration, then, apparently, we have to shake hands and be friends! Listen to this: "We do not want to break up Germany and Austria. We are not for breaking up anybody or anything." I have always thought that we were out to smash the present German Empire into smithereens and to destroy the possibility for all time of its power for evil. And having got his audience feeding out of his hand, this is how General Smuts proceeded: "I do not think it is worth while to prosecute this war until we have got rid of the Kaiser and all the other evils. Remember, we are not the only judges. Mankind, history, and God will pass judgment on the Kaiser and the other instruments of tyranny." That is like a judge addressing a prisoner who has been found guilty of murder and theft with violence, and saying, "It is not for me to punish you, terrible as are your crimes. I will let you go, and leave you to the judgment of mankind and history and God." Besides, surely "getting rid of the Kaiser" is merely a synonym for getting rid of Kaiserism and all that it stands for—militarism, materialism, Hun brutality, flagrant indifference to Treaty obligations—"Blood and iron." I don't like it at all—and again I ask, who has got at the General? Sir Edward Carson—shrewd lawyer as he is—is more subtle in his methods. Having laid very great stress upon the fact that up to the present the Allies have received no definite offer of Peace, he proceeds to say that, "It would be a crime for any Government, or any member of the Government, to allow this devastating war to continue for one moment longer than that in which we could conclude a really enduring peace *in the interests of our country and our people.*" You notice those words, don't you? What they mean is this: "Come along, and admit you are beaten, and then we won't hurt you. Go back to your own country and promise to be good in future, and we will lend a kindly ear to any reasonable suggestions you may make—leaving your Empire intact and unharmed." I ask these statesmen, in all seriousness, how the future Peace of the world is to be guaranteed, or the rights of small nations secured, if Germany is to retain her army and her fleet? And what guarantee can there be for the safety of Belgium if she is still to be the helpless little neighbour of an undivided Prussian Empire? And what about that old and sacred covenant—"No peace with the Hohenzollerns"? I thought it was to be peace only with "the German people"—or a "democratised Germany." Are we going to throw Wilson over at the very moment he has entered the arena?

Jellicoe With Me.

Leaving aside these disquieting considerations, it is extremely refreshing to find, despite that recent little incident in the North Sea, that the Navy is apparently infected with the same spirit of optimism. After the loss of those convoys and merchantmen, and the week's submarine total of seventeen British vessels of over 1,600 tons, the speech of Admiral Jellicoe constituted a much-needed tonic. We were told that "there is no reason for anxiety as to the result of the enemy's submarine campaign," and that, as with the German army so with her navy—"its spirit is showing signs of decline." And then comes this remarkable outburst: "Do not let us belittle ourselves. Let us brag a bit—*the war is all but won.*" Who told the Admiral to talk like that it would be interesting to know; but there it is. And so, taking one thing with another, I see no cause for anything but confidence. Italy's hour of bitter trial and testing has come again, but still I say—"Look to the West!" And may not I say that Jellicoe is with me? "The war is all but won," he says. I confess to a wish that he had told us that the Navy will have a hand in the finish—that it will be in at the death. And I wish he had said something about the German fleet, and what we propose doing with it. Surely *he* doesn't subscribe to the doctrine that we "are not to smash anybody or anything"? What says Beatty? There is no "brag" about him! Has he a free hand? I have a reason for asking. "The war is all but over"! There is much virtue in those words—"all but." Let Beatty rub them out, so far as the Navy is concerned—whilst Haig and Petain are doing it in the West.

THE OIL OF JOY.

LAX CONTROL OF GOVERNMENT PETROL SUPPLIES.

The amount of motor "joy-riding" undertaken by officers and men of the Fleet in the neighbourhood of some of our naval stations is exciting a good deal of local comment. People are wondering where the petrol comes from, and whether the constant rushing about of cars and cycles of all shapes and sizes may not be unduly depleting the Government stores of motor-spirit. From the neighbourhood of the Tyne a story reaches us, so circumstantial in its details and so amply corroborated, that we are bound to receive it with respect. We hear of Government petrol supplies, intended for submarine use, which—if only you happen to be wearing a naval uniform—can be had without money and without price, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. To speak with all proper reticence, the strip of coast included between the 54th and 56th parallels of latitude is said to be a land flowing not with milk and honey but with good Government petrol, just the very thing for little trips into the surrounding country, or to neighbouring pleasure resorts. In this connection we could, if we chose, mention certain names—interesting names many of them, distinguished names some of them—coupled with proofs of our assertions, but we have no desire to pillory particular officers who have probably never stayed to reflect upon the true quality of their transactions in the oil of gladness. Our aim is rather to reproach the laxity of the authorities.

CANT ABOUT KIDDIES.

AN UNHAPPY MAN WHO HATH HIS QUIVER FULL.

There is one man in Poplar who tells us that he is sick of the cant about kids, and regards Solomon on the subject as a delusion and a snare. The Port of London Authority have built a large number of cottages in Prince Regent's Lane, West Ham, near the Victoria and Albert Docks. His work lying that way, he applied for one of five rooms to rent at 12s. a week. After being put through a cross-examination by the agent, he had to fill up a form, stating the names of his employers, present address, how long resident there, requiring his solemn undertaking that he wouldn't keep cats, cocks or hens, pigeons, rabbits or other fowls of the air or beasts of the field, and setting out the number and ages of his children. He happened to have his quiver full of them—so having stated all particulars faithfully, the agent gave the form his polite attention, and then told him that by a certain statute in that behalf made and provided, no more than four children were allowed to one cottage; eight persons would be shocking overcrowding. "Children," exclaims the disappointed father of this little lot, with a cynical gleam in his off eye, "may be what you say they are—an asset to the State—but this seems to show me that at present the State is not doing any yearning for 'em"; not quite in those words, perhaps, but that is what he means. Well, well!

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF ELIZA.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE RECORDER OF WALSALL.

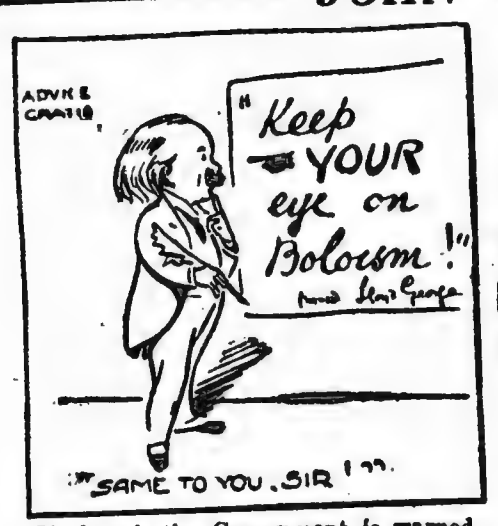
Mr. Edward Annesley Owen, Recorder of Walsall, strikes us as a gentleman much too severe with delinquents. And this is why. Elizabeth Heath, an ammunition worker of 24, was indicted at the Quarter Sessions for breaking into the residence of Mr. R. Thomas, a Walsall Magistrate, at Bloxwich, though in the newspaper report before us it is not mentioned what she broke. It merely says that "about midnight she got into the residence of Mr. Thomas, partook of a substantial repast, changed some of her clothing, and then, going into a spare bedroom, wrapped herself in a blanket and fell sound asleep, to be found by the housemaids." There is nothing of the professional air about this performance. Eliza seems to have burgled the repast, as a matter of fact, in the true manner of a ridiculous amateur. On the stage the spectacle of Eliza consuming the Magistrate's cold beef and pickles in the very witching time of night when churchyards yawn, and then coiling herself up for a blessed, forgetful sleep in a spare bedroom, would about bring the house down. Certainly if we had been in the seat of judgment we should have assumed one of two things of this singular lady; either she was off her head or on the drink. Mr. Edward Annesley Owen being the Judge instead, he was exceedingly stern. "The prisoner was sentenced," relates the reporter, "to 12 months' hard labour, and the Recorder directed that her mental condition should be inquired into." It seems to us that another inquiry ought to be held—by the Home Secretary, with a view to reducing this apparently outrageous sentence.

STEALING FROM SOLDIERS.

THE WORCESTER POLICE SCANDAL.

On second thoughts, the Mayor of Worcester, Alderman Arthur Carlton—to whom we lately addressed a "Candid Communication" on the matter—has seen fit to make a public statement of the circumstances in which Chief Inspector E. Smith, of the local City Police, was called upon to resign. "He was charged," says Alderman Carlton, "with misappropriating allowances made by the City Council to the dependents of two members of the Force, and with making use of fictitious receipts for part of the money." In the blunt parlance of the criminal law, these offences are known as embezzlement and forgery, and the general impression created will doubtless be that Smith had done pretty well to escape prosecution for what, after all, was a mean and contemptible crime, hardly redeemed by the fact that as soon as the theft was discovered the money—some £30—was returned. However unpleasant and disquieting as the facts certainly are, we congratulate the Mayor upon his final abandonment of the policy of secrecy pursued by the Watch Committee. By the way, we understand that the disgraced and expelled Inspector has joined the Army. That is the least amends he can make; but he may need watching.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



If though the Government is warned
It takes no steps at all,
The dread word "Bolo" may become
Our "writing on the wall."

While our unhappy paupers starve
(Sad when they're old and gray!)
Hun prisoners beside them carve
Thick rations every day.

Will no one rid us of these Huns?
Out with 'em, one and all!
Fools, skunks or Kaiser's myrmidons,
The traitors of Whitehall.

I am,
Yours
to the last drop
Stephens' Ink

N.B. No sediment
and no waste.

THE IDEAL
FAMILY
MEDICINE
for
PAINS *after*
EATING
HEADACHES
BILIOUSNESS

INDIGESTION

For nearly half a century Mother Seigel's Syrup has been the reliable family medicine in hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the World for the prevention and relief of stomach and liver troubles, and as a ready means of recovering and maintaining good health. Mother Seigel's Syrup has a gentle tonic action upon the digestive organs — the stomach, liver, and bowels—toning and strengthening them so that they are able to do their work effectively and obtain from the food you eat all the nourishment requisite to keep you strong and vigorous.

By making and keeping the blood pure, Mother Seigel's Syrup brings the glow of radiant health to the pale cheeks of anæmic girls, gives strength to growing boys, and revitalises the digestive organs of the elders and makes them feel fit and strong. Keep Mother Seigel's Syrup in your home. It is an ideal family medicine.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The **2/9** *Bottle contains three times the* **1/3** *size.*

Dear Labour

Although Norway, where "Skippers" come from, is a neutral country, labour charges have enormously increased since the outbreak of War. It costs from two to three times as much to pack a tin of "Skippers" to-day as it did in 1913.

To meet the extra cost we had either to increase the price of "Skippers" or introduce a cheaper quality. We determined to maintain the renowned "Skipper" grade, regardless of cost.

Now that you eat less, make sure you get the best food. Eat that which gives you the maximum of real nourishment and enjoyment—insist on "Skippers," it's worth it. "Skippers" are all nutriment and the best nutriment — there's no waste.

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO.,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Keep smiling! There's always 'Skippers.'

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

A SURE SHIELD IN THE AIR.

OUR CHANCE TO BUILD MORE AEROPLANES.

THE last word in the story of the Zeppelins has been written, and everybody is feeling the better now. Count Zeppelin's gasbags have been shattered and broken and burned, and when the whole truth leaks out in Hunland the disillusionment of the German people will be almost complete. What we have got to do now is to put paid to the account of the Gothas, which for some time now have been running up a bill for the British nation to settle.

The visit of the Zeppelin fleet is by no means unconnected with the problem of the Gothas. Nobody over here who saw the burning gasbags brought down by our intrepid airmen would have credited the Germans with the intention of sending them again in full force against our shores.

That they were willing to gamble with their gasbags for high stakes shows clearly how much the conquest of the air means to them, and it would be the greatest mistake in the world if we thought too much of our recent successes to take them seriously.

The lead in the air is ours at present, but it may be taken for granted that Germany is to do her best to assail it if we give her the slightest chance. With the super-effort of despair her factories are being reorganised so that she can build her fleets of aeroplanes to meet the coming shock of battle. Some of her plans she has allowed to leak out, and what we must do, one and all, is so to arrange matters that all her work will be of no avail. Our factories must be the latest thing in aeroplane construction, so that for every machine Germany turns out we must turn out a squadron, and in the meantime we must also speed up the work which is to prove so effective over the Hun cities and towns.

The population of Germany is already in terror at the prospects of our reprisals. German men and women who laughed at the stories in their papers about the raids on London are crying out at the thought of having to sup the hellish broth they brewed for the women and children of Britain. Let them cry and whine as they will, the time is coming when they will be regretful that ever they commenced this war of frightfulness which has turned the whole British public into a nation of aeroplane builders. Our work in our great aircraft factories has been going on splendidly, as is shown by the successes of our aviators at the Front, and the task we have in front of us now is to enlarge and equip these so that we shall have the mightiest aeroplane fleets in the world.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., whose wonderful factory at Richmond, Surrey, has done so much to help the Government to gain the upper hand of the Hun in the air, are about to extend their works on every hand, to equip their workshops and add to their armies of workmen so that the future as well as the present shall be ours to command as a nation.

Out of these factories, aircraft, swift, reliable and sure, must stream in countless numbers to keep us ever in the forefront, to smash the Hun wherever he may elect to soar.

And believing that their determination to maintain our supremacy at all costs is shared by the public, they are to invite the public to throw in their lot with them and get the hammers and lathes going on the new machines.

To enable them to enlarge their mammoth works and meet every requirement of the Government, they are applying to the Treasury for permission to increase their capital, and they are to appeal to the British people to invest their savings in the enterprise to which as a nation they owe so much. They have no doubt as to the great response which will be made to this call to help in the work of aeroplane building. There will be no delay on the part of the man in the street, for his mind has been made up for a long time that there must be no dilly-dallying with the building of the great air fleets which are to fight the final battles and teach the German people, who, remote from the battle lines, have never suffered much beyond the pangs of hunger, what war means and what are the punishments of Prussianism as exemplified by these Gotha raids on hospitals and the homes of non-combatants. The patriotic who elect to become aeroplane builders, and who help to blacken the skies with our planes, will not only be defeating the German now, but for all time.

After the war we must continue our production, and go on increasing to meet every demand, so that the air and the fullness thereof must belong to the British nation.

Our battle navies must be a sure shield for ever against aerial invasion, and the fair ways of the air must be kept for our commercial liners of the future.

The importance of the work that lies before us to-day will be manifest to all. No one can refuse to play his or her part not only in stopping the raids or winning the final battles at the Front, but in securing the newest industry for Great Britain. Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., predict a glorious future in the air for the British race if the foundations of success are laid now by a great national effort.

They have done great work in the past, and they are determined that the traditions they have established shall be ever maintained.

Write to Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., 67, Grena Road, Richmond, Surrey, for a copy of "Aircraft, the New British Industry."—(ADVT.)

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

Good evenin', sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Yes-sir. 'Ope you're well, sir. . . . *W'y shouldn't you be?* Well, yore job must be a bit of a strain, sir—a darn sight more than the actual fightin', I reckon. You've got Press criticism to contend with now, as well as the enemy. I see the *Daily Mail* was on your track larst week, givin' it to you pretty 'ot. I 'aven't got no "down" on the *Daily Mail.* It's done a darn sight more good than 'arm joorin' the wore, an' some of its exposures 'ave 'elped to save the situation now an' then—Alfred is a great man in spite of everythink. But I think it was a bit rough on you, lettin' Admiral 'Enderson lay the blame on you in its columns for the inconclusive Jutland action, and the loss of the convoy in the North Sea t'other day. Wot both the *Daily Mail* and Admiral 'Enderson don't seem to take into consideration is the fack that you 'ave *Permanent Officials* to deal with at the Admiralty. Now, I know a thing or two about Permanent Officials. Bloomin' barnacles, I call 'em. I don't git many of 'em in 'ere. They 'ate to 'ear the trooth spoke plain, and are absolootly scared of fresh notions, 'owever good they may be. So they give my saloon a miss, as a rule. Now, sir, I dessay, if all the truth was known, we should find that these 'ere Permanent Officials was mainly responsible for the loss o' thet there convoy in the North Sea, with two of our latest T.B.D.s. But you git the blame, nevertheless. *Ham* I right, sir? as Datas used ter say. . . . Well, I s'pose yore right in evadin' the queschun, sir. But I fency I kin read between the lines. Loyalty to yore subordinates is all very well, but loyalty to the country takes first place. If you're bein' 'ampered by these 'ere permanent stick-in-the-muds, sir, you should tell the country, an' demand a free 'and. You'd be backed up, sir. There ain't no queschun o' thet. Thet there *is* somethink wrong at the Admiralty carn't be denied. But I teetotally refuse ter believe it's *you*, sir. I've still got confidence in you, jest as I 'ad in Kitchener. Look 'ow 'e was 'umbugged about an' 'ampered right an' left. 'E suffered from the Permanent Official jest as you do now, sir. Carn't chew take a short way with 'em, sir? You an' Geddes oughter be strong enough to 'andle 'em. I believe yores is wot might be called **a fightin' policy**, ain't it? You believe **in 'ittin'** the enemy 'ard w'erever you **find 'im**, and you believe in 'untin' for **'im till** you *do* find 'im. *Ham* I right, **sir?** . . . Jess so. Thet's the Nelson touch, ain't it? Takin' risks w'en there's a charnce of a good result. Thet's wot you'd do every time if you 'ad a free 'and, ain't it, sir? . . . Yes, yes. But thet's w'ere it comes in, don't it? You ain't got a free 'and. Mister Permanent Official steps in, an' ses: "Oh, no; you mustn't do thet. It's never bin done in my time. There ain't no precedent fur it. Jest carry on in the same ole way, an' we'll win the wore some time this cenchury." But it's up to you, sir, to break them there shackles. Wot's precedent matter? There wasn't no precedent fur usin' pizon gas (barrin' the Chinee stink pots). But we're a usin' it now. If you're bein' 'indered by the permanent barnacles at the Admiralty, tell us, an' we'll make good use o' them lamp-posts in W'ite'all. Thet's it, sir. Now you're spick an' span an' ready to go into action. Good evenin' to you, sir, an' good luck. *An' don't fergit to 'ave yore way w'en it comes to a diff'rence of opinion.*

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—

"ROOMS, furnished, WANTED, by city gent. . . . Wife and 2 young children . . . IN MUCH-RAIDED DISTRICT IN KENT."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—

"Mr. ———, driving his motor bicycle, COLLIDED WITH A COMMERCIAL MOTOR LORRY . . . . He was highly respected by ALL WITH WHOM HE CAME INTO CONTACT."

"EAST KENT TIMES":—

"An echo of an air raid was heard at the Police Court on Monday, when the licensee of the ———— asked permission to close the premises until Thursday, IN ORDER THAT DAMAGE TO THE BUILDING COULD BE PROCEEDED WITH."

"CORNISH AND DEVON POST":—

"Last Sunday was Lesnewth Reval Sunday. A service was held in the afternoon WHEN A GOOD NUMBER WERE UP'SET."

GUIDE BOOK TO ROTHESAY CASTLE (advertisement):—

"—— Steam Laundry, Ltd. . . . DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE! LET US DO THE DIRTY WORK."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—

"A number of magistrates in the MADLANDS of Ireland have relinquished their positions on becoming Sinn Feiners."

"NORTHAMPTON HERALD":—

"He had a paralytic seizure and DIED ON MONDAY MORNING, but COMPLAINED OF THE COLD ON TUESDAY MORNING."

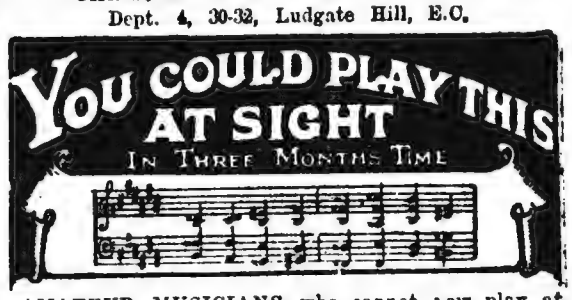
A £30,000 Book

The Wonders of the World

FOR twopence a day you can possess one of the most beautiful and fascinating fine art books ever published. This Book is "THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD," the marvels of nature and man as they exist to-day. Never before has such a wonderful idea been brought to such perfection. Here you have over 1,000 beautiful pictures, selected from nearly a 1,000,000, and 28 beautiful coloured plates, showing the world's most wonderful sights, with letterpress written by the most famous travellers.

The photographs took over five years to collect, and come from all parts of the World. The two large handsome volumes are printed throughout on the finest quality art paper, and are beautifully bound in half morocco leather, elaborately gilded. "The Wonders of the World" has been translated into almost every European language, and about a quarter of a million copies have been sold—a fine testimony as to its great fascination. It is a standard work for every home. Write to-day, enclosing 4 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you FREE the first 40 pages and a coloured plate printed on art paper worth 1s. IT IS SURE TO PLEASE YOU.

THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., LTD.,
Dept. 4, 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.



AMATEUR MUSICIANS who cannot now play at sight can easily do so in 3 months by the Thelwall Rapid System of Sight-Reading (12 lessons only, by correspondence). You are told what to do and how to do it.

During the last 11 years this System has been highly recommended by all the leading papers and thousands of successful pupils throughout the world.

"You have my consent to use my name as one who strongly approves of your method." (Signed) Landon Ronald. Endorsed also by Sir F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O., Dr. J. Borland, &c.

Send 1d. stamp to-day for fees, unsolicited testimonials, and full information, to **Dept. W.9.**

W. H. THELWALL,
30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4

Heavy smoking at the Front

gives him "tongue bite" and huskiness. T.M. Tooth Powder or Paste in tubes is the only preparation that removes this, keeps his teeth clean and mouth sweet. Be sure and

Send him T.M.

The Standard Dentifrice —for Everybody
and use it yourself.
Powder 6d. tins. Paste 1/- tubes.
Of all Chemists, or
Christys' (J.B.), Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

With 13 Coupons 1s. 9d.
With 1 Coupon 2s. 9d.
Postage 2d.

Will last for Years.

Use the Coupon.

With 13 Coupons 2s. 9d.
With 1 Coupon 3s. 9d.
Postage 2d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(November 3rd, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

Who are the Profiteers?

The men of the Royal Defence Corps at Dovercourt want to know what is being done with the messing money. Like so many other units, they are half starved; those who have been abroad say that—despite difficulties of transport, etc.—they were much better fed overseas than at home.

Be Kind to the Cripples.

C3 men who suffer from heart disease, hammer-toes, varicose veins, and so on, are not supposed to be marched with full packs. It is, however, common North, South, East and West for the Order to be broken. In the name of commonsense we ask, has the War Office set itself out to ruin or kill poor devils whom many civilian practitioners would chuck on the scrap heap? And we have made sure of this question coming before the right quarter.

Pay Up and Smile!

We have received a complaint, signed by a large number of the R.F.C. in camp, that letters from their parents and friends are held back for a long time, and asking us to have matters remedied. Perhaps if those youngsters pay baksheesh to certain Non-Commissioned Officers their mails will not be delayed.

Soldierliness and Godliness.

We put it to the Chaplains at the Front that it is rather rough on Tommy that in their vapid sermons they should announce a special silver collection for this charity or that. We have very, very small faith in some of these collection—the silver bullet does not always find its billet. Our own extensive knowledge—to say nothing of the numerous letters received from the Front—compel this announcement. Let the padre look after his men, and keep his hand out of their poekcts.

Three Cheers, and Three More!

The Army Canteen people have commenced to run a kind of musical show to draw the camps, utilising as artists the poor old cripples who have any histrionic ability. Of course, a charge is to be made for admission. Who will get the profits? The collapse of the Navy and Army Canteen Board does not fill us with hope.

Wanted, a Health Officer.

In many camps that our representatives have visited they have found fifteen men herded in tents designed for seven. It is all very well for the War Office to assure us that this is sometimes unavoidable, as drafts are sent down without notice. We should like to know why unhealthy overcrowding should be a permanent condition in standing camps.

Degrading Our Guerdons.

The Military Medal is sometimes withheld from the splendid fellows who earn it in the hard pressed battle, and given to cooks and slackers down at the far away bases who have never heard a shell scream. The medal is engraved with the words, "For bravery in the Field." Soldiers who do deeds and risk their lives will soon refuse the medal, much as a self-respecting courtier refuses the M.V.O.

Treat Them All Alike.

We put it to the Army Council, and particularly to Lord Derby, that all hospitals should treat their patients alike in regard to the times when they may be out, when they must return, and when they are compelled to retire to their downy couches. To this end, there should be a general Order controlling these institutions. We are not surprised that thousands of our sick and wounded who have done such splendid deeds for us get up on their hind legs and shout, and write to us asking to have their conditions bettered.

For the Army Council.

When a boy at school receives a tuck basket from his people, he may do what he likes with it—he may eat the contents himself, or share with friends. We find at Clipstone Camp that if parcels of food are sent to the soldiers they are impounded, and the contents shared around. Can it be that the Government are unable to purchase rations for the men, and are therefore penalising the sons of generous parents?

Robbery Under Arms?

We have already referred to the plight of the large number of men, discharged from Thetford Camp and entitled to civilian suits and caps, who were told that none of the latter was available, but that if they cared to go to another part of the camp they could purchase them for 1s. 9d. each. We also laid the facts before a very high authority at the War Office. No action has, however, yet been taken, although we could supply the Department with statutory declarations made by the victims. We have a specimen of the caps sold at 1s. 9d. each, and are assured by manufacturers that they are worth 4s. 6d. a dozen wholesale. Who will prosecute? We will not stand by and see Tommy robbed.

Gift Fish.

The men of at least one torpedo-boat flotilla often have the pleasure of seeing much fine fish sent aboard for the use of officers and men, either at a trifling cost or absolutely free. As a rule, this view is all they get—for the best goes ashore, to other people's wives and friends. They do get a few small "sprats" sometimes, but never the real treat which is meant for them. We hear a similar story about fresh vegetables. Who shall hang?

Their Own Kind.

France has ordered that "two common soldiers and two sailors" shall sit on Courts-Martial of seven members, in cases concerning men, not officers, in the Army or Navy respectively. Are our Admiralty and War Office wise enough to follow suit?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Discharged and Disabled.

One of our heroes is waiting to go into hospital for treatment, and in the meantime is without a proper home and dependent upon stray money to pay for nightly shelter. He appealed to us, confident of finding a friend, and we did not belie his trust.

A Sad Home-Coming.

A poor fellow came home on leave—to find his daughter dying. Not being in credit on his Army account, he had little money and could not do the necessary for the poor girl. He told us the facts, and we willingly gave him the assistance he needed.

A U-Boat Victim.

After drifting about on the sea for days, an unfortunate fellow is now in hospital for treatment. His ship was torpedoed, and he has thus lost all his effects. We were glad to send him something more substantial than our bare sympathy.

Thank You!

In response to our appeal for baby clothes readers have acted right royally, and we in consequence have been able to cheer the hearts of several mothers. By the way, we are often asked for men's overcoats and children's boots. May we further trespass on the kindness of our readers?

A Brave Woman.

A Service man was discharged, suffering from a wound and shell shock, on a small temporary pension. He has tried to work, but his wound is not healed, and he has had to lie up. His wife is struggling to keep a roof over their heads, but she has a young baby to attend, which prevents her working. An appeal for aid was turned down by the War Pensions Committee, although the rent had been unpaid for some weeks. We paid it.

"Hard on the Widow."

A mother of five children, all too young to earn money, is chafing at the delay of the Government in paying her pension. She has had to wait some weeks for it, and naturally finds it difficult to keep things going, as she is an invalid. She, too, asked for assistance to pay her rent—which, of course, we were glad to afford.

"A Little Help."

Such was the request of a distressed widow, who has lost one son in the campaign, and whose surviving lad is still fighting. Her allowance and pension combined are inadequate for her present needs, as she is a sufferer from asthma, and unable to work. She had a better prospect before her in a distant locality, where she has friends. We helped her to reach her haven.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. J. C., 6d.; "Airman," 6d.; W. J. W, 1s. E. P., 4s. 6d.; A. H. H. (East Ham), 2s. 6d.; "Florrie Grace and Mother," 2s. 6d.; Result of Raffle on Board s.s *Polly Brigs* (per J. W. C.), 10s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; Pte. J. W., 1s.; "Punch," 5s.; A. and M. B., 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Sister," 2s 6d.; E. S. D. (Denmead), 2s. 6d.; A. H. (Uxbridge), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F M. W. (Anerley), 6s.; Anon., 2s.; E. N. (Bow), 2s. 6d.; W. M. F., 2s. 6d.; G. H. D., 5s.; E. H., 2s.; "Shamrock" (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; A. B., parcel; "A Soldier's Wife" (Oxford), 6d.; G. B., 1s.; R. S. M. (Paisley), 2s. 6d.; F. S. (Welling), 5s.; Glastonbury P.O. Collecting Box, 21s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 2s.; A. G. (West Kensington), 10s.; L. W. (Bridlington), 2s. 6d.; "My Weekly," 1d.; W. N. (Middlesbro'), 1s. 6d.; M. A. M. (Plumstead), 1s. 6d.; W. (Madagascar), 1s. 10d.; Boys of R.M.S. *Lightfoot*, £1; J. B. S., 2s. 6d.; "Kalsyeur," 5s.; H.M.S. *Medea*, 1s. 6d.; L. A. (Laindon) 3s.; D. J., 1s.; W. W., 1s; B., 2s.; T. P. (Sheffield), parcel; G. M. H., 5s.; J. B., 5s.; Lieut. T. G., £1; E. K. C. (Peckham), 2s. 6d.; H. M. P. (Dewsbury), parcel; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; D. McV., 1s. 10d.; A. E. E., 2s.; "8624" (Cardiff), 1s.; E. J. H. (Dalston), 2s.; R. M. S. (Peterborough), 6s.; H. H. (Liverpool), 2s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 2s.; A. E. J., 2s. 6d.; Nurse G., 2s.; "Rosettes" (per R. D.), 5s.; T. B. (Sheffield), parcel; F. C. (Putney), 5s.; "Aircraft," 10s.; Mrs. G. C. (Stockport), 10s.; W. M. (Lancaster), 5s.; J. L. T., 10s.; J. L., 2s.; "Jane," 3s. 6d.; Collection in C. House, A.P.C. No. II., York, 4s. 6d.; M. E. S., 5s.; C. D. C., 7d.; W. U. and E. R. S., 12s.; "Won a Double," 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; W. C. (Peckham), 2s. 6d.; E. F. (Rotherhithe). 10s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; Mrs. C., 1s.; H. M. (Bramhall), £1 1s.; "Tantie Tobie," 6d.

Collecting Boxes.

London.—Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c/o Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, E., £1 5s. 6½d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, E., £1.

Boonor.—Mr. W. M. Parker, The Victoria Hotel, £1

Bordon Camp, Hants.—Mr. W. Roe, £1 2s. 5d.

South Famebridge.—Mr. H. Balls, "Anchor Hotel," £1.

A MILLION HAIR-GROWING OUTFITS FREE

GREAT POPULAR SUCCESS OF WONDERFUL HAIR-GROWING AND HAIR-BEAUTIFYING HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL."

Write for your FREE GIFT To-dav.

ALL sections of the community, our Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers, as well as practically all our famous Actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artists, are full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice—"Harlene Hair-Drill."

Letters of thanks are pouring in from all parts of the Kingdom—indeed, from practically all parts of the world—where the writers express the greatest gratification at the success achieved in the practice of "Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

COMPLETE 7-DAY "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT.

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is getting thin, weak, or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman whose youthful looks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is also open for YOU to accept. There are no conditions—no obligation—nothing to pay except the actual cost of the return postage and packing of the Trial Parcel to your own door.

There is, therefore, now no necessity for any man or woman to suffer from:

1. **Scalp Irritation.**
2. **Complete or partial Baldness**
3. **Straggling or weak Hair.**
4. **Thin or falling Hair.**
5. **Splitting Hairs.**
6. **Over greasiness of the scalp.**
7. **Scurf or Dandruff.**
8. **Hair thinning at temples.**

All readers of this announcement are invited to avail themselves of the generous offer of the Proprietors of "Harlene" to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and hair beauty, Free of Charge.

All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Men in both our Navy and Army, abroad and at home, Nurses, Munition Workers—indeed, all classes are able to banish the "too-old at 30, 40, or 50" appearance. Everyone is to-day invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below and by return you will receive without any charge or obligation the complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit fully described in this announcement.

CONTENTS OF FREE HAIR HEALTH PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing, and as soon as his Majesty's Post Office can deliver it, you will receive the following valuable Gift:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

TRY THIS DELIGHTFUL METHOD.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method, whilst being scientifically worked out, is simplicity itself.

FIRSTLY, enjoy a luxurious shampoo with the free supply of "Cremex" in accordance with the instructions you will receive in the Free Parcel.

SECONDLY, sprinkle the hair with the refreshing and revivifying Hair-Growing "Harlene," gently massaging the roots of the hair as fully explained in the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, which also accompanies the Outfit; and

FINALLY, should you wish to secure an additional touch of elegance and brightness to your hair, apply a drop or two of the "Uzon" Brilliantine, a sample of which is also included in the Hair Health Outfit.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength, and will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

You can obtain supplies of any of the preparations from your chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified Harlene in tins at 2s. 9d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.

JOHN BULL, 3/11/17.

GIFT COUPON

Cut out and post—**Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

Messrs. Catesbys, Ltd. (London). (Dept. 19.)

Please send me your Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a Suit—Overcoat.*

Full Name .....

Full Address .....

Send Coupon. .....

Get Patterns. * If you only want Overcoat patterns, cross out the word "Suit." If you only want suitings, cross out the word "Overcoat."

Be Convinced.

We want every man who sees this Advertisement to send the above Coupon and get our Patterns.

You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better Suit from us in London for 55/- Easy Terms, carr. paid right to your door, than you could buy from a local tailor for 65/-.

That's a fair proposition, isn't it?

All right, then. Just send the coupon, and by return we will send you our latest Style Book and Patterns of fine suitings and a form explaining our system of doing business. Then you can compare the values and judge for yourself.

Send the coupon to-day, before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a postcard or letter for samples, and mention this paper.

CATESBYS LTD.,
Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1.

The **"De Reszke"** *American* is a *large* Cigarette, but it is also recognised as the world's best Virginia blend.

Sold everywhere.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from £4 10s. The 6ft. 6in. size at £6 16s cash or 18 monthly payments of 10s. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £12 10s. cash or in 18 or 24 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 147, *Aldersgate St., E.C.*

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. Letters must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. Financial, Insurance, Legal and Sporting inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

"Fighting Man" (Liverpool).—You may be a fighting man, or any other sort of man, but you don't know the British soldier if you suggest that Tommy *does* approve of a Stockholm Conference, and is in favour of an inconclusive peace. You must have been sleeping with a Conchy.

E. H. S. (Woolwich).—"Which King or Head mounts his horse from the off side?" It's the Kaiser who is going to come off it on the wrong side.

E. M. H. (Goole) and Others.—We are afraid that the Chancellor of the Exchequer isn't yet prepared to open his mouth and shut his eyes and swallow Premium Bonds.

G. H. (Clapham, S.W.4), having misinterpreted a reply printed in this column recently, says: "Some people do like to have a dig at Royalty, don't they?" Yes; and some people *do* like to have a dig at John Bull, don't they? But they are poor diggers, mostly.

"Nemo" (Coventry).—"Send a little disinfectant to the Corn Exchange, Coventry, on October 21st. Ramsay Macdonald is paying a visit." It would have been more useful on the 22nd, but your order came too late.

T. R. (Tyne).—Some years ago it was reported, after staff reductions at Woolwich Arsenal under the Haldane regime, that hundreds of British workers had been compelled to find work at Krupps. Whether they are still there we do not know.

"The National Watch Dog" (Croydon).—Thanks, but we prefer not to discuss Mr. Lloyd George's movements in recent air raids. Evidently the right hon. gentleman is a little touchy on the subject, and one cannot be too careful in these hard times.

T. & V. (Whitchurch).—Not inclined to interpose between the colliery owners and the coal merchants. When they fall out, the poor consumer may come into his own.

A. P. (Edinburgh).—"I consider in the last five years you have become a vastly improved person." We hope to be quite good in time.

G. D. (Stoke Ferry).—"You are suffering from a grievous disease, *i.e.*, Racial Prejudice." And you are suffering from Hun fever. Take a bucketful of quinine to start with.

Pte. J. W. (Mon).—Men you know, about 30 years old, all try to dodge you when home on leave. They are ashamed, and afraid you will tell them what they are.

C. O. (Wallasey).—"The Medical Supervisor told my wife, regarding our children, all healthy, she 'should have waited, and had a decent *one*'!" Yet one boy lost his life in the Jutland battle. Wasn't *he* "decent" enough?

"Lafric" (Limerick).—"I have always had a profound contempt for you and your paper. Your blasted hot air. I want to be an admirer too." Should never have guessed it. But keep trying. It will come.

"Two Wounded Canadians" (2nd Southern Hosp.).—No jealousy of praise between the Canadians and Australians, please. All our Colonial troops have done splendidly.

"Always a Reader" (Belvedere).—"It takes one man at £400 a year and two army officers to pay the wages to 24 men." Yes, and it takes some of us all our time to pay *their* wages.

"Bunnie" (Hastings).—"Three cheers for the flag of Australia, Three cheers for Old England who made her. One hundred and twenty-seven years ago John Bull landed there, you know, On a sprig of wattle." And what chips of the old block now, eh?

Mrs. S. A. S. (Sheffield).—Though we didn't exactly arrive on earth to discuss the price of pig's fry, we don't mind saying that the dealer who wanted to charge you 2d. for the paper to wrap a pound of it in is a glaring grabber.

"Mabel" (City) says that she dare not go home in the dark. Some men, who are out late tell that tale to their wives.

"Scot" (Glasgow).—Hoots, mon! Your paragon reminds us of Dear Old Grimes—"But good old Grimes is now at rest, Nor fears misfortune's frown, He wore a double-breasted vest, With stripes both up and down."

"Olive" (Carlisle).—"Is it right that a charge-woman in one of H.M. factories should strike a girl in uniform?" No; give her in charge, woman.

A. E. I.—(H.M.S. ——).—In point of size, "Big Ben" has the Liverpool timepiece whipped to a frazzle. In regard to the "germs of Gorgonzola cheese," you had better inquire at the Zoo.

"A Working Woman" (Southport).—"May you live long to fight for the defenceless." And may you never require our aid.

"Inquirer" (Sacriston).—Shocked to hear of the lady who "passes her husband while he is away at the Front." At the moment, however, your precise meaning eludes our prehensile grasp.

Rev. J. E. Roberts (Minister of Union Chapel, Oxford Road, Manchester) denies that he is the rev. gentleman who said that no publican should be allowed to sell drink to a man in khaki. It seems there are in Manchester two Rev. J. E. Roberts, and we are glad to hear this one is not the other.

Mr. James Syddall (37, Walnut Street, Southport), winner of the £1,000 prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 246, after expressing his natural delight at receiving the handsome sum, tells us that he is Secretary of a local hospital and finds the competition "an agreeable recreation." And profitable, too!

"Tottenham Court Road."—"Directly you said the head-waiter at the hotel was an Austrian, he turned into a Swiss"! Wonder when he will turn into an internment camp!

C. W. (Bolton).—"Can you tell me how to oxidise brass?" We can tell you how to spend it, if that's any good.

"Artilleryman" (Liverpool).—"You have done more solid good for Tommy and Jack than any other man connected with journalism, Lord Northcliffe included." Our blushing acknowledgments.

"Mother" (Surbiton).—Lift your heart. "But, whether on the scaffold high Or in the battle's van, The fittest place where man can die Is where he dies for man."

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (Rochdale).—Crompton has appointed a discharged soldier Caretaker at the library. Good Crompton. But Rochdale Corporation does not answer an ex-soldier's application, even when he encloses a stamp.

C. L. (Putney).—Afraid we cannot send you a JOHN BULL Pen for your underline extolling its merits. You must remember that we are a family paper. Hold out your hand!

"COLLECTORS."—As you say, the poor are the most charitable, and we are therefore not surprised to hear that the great bulk of your handsome collection in Trafalgar Square for the "Our Day" Fund was contributed by the working classes in coppers. Nelson, looking down, must have been proud of them!

"SNIPPS" (B.E.F., France).—You were sentenced to seventy days' Field Punishment for striking a superior, but you have got off owing to a technical flaw in the Court-Martial proceedings. You want to County Court the King! Fie on you!

W. R. G. (Nottingham) thinks he can do the State some service, but the Ministry of Labour scorns him with many scorns. Has he tried cussing the Government?

D. G. (Enderby) wishes us every success, "though, like all the rest, we occasionally make bloomers." Hope he'll forgive us for that, as long as we don't wear 'em.

"YOUNG WIFE" (Manchester).—Quite so. How beautiful are babies! Nearly like human beings—only not so large. Hope you'll be as proud of him when he's four times as big.

"SCOTS GUARDS" (Caterham).—"Reprisals: To be, or not to be; if to be, why not *now*? Why hesitate and shrink before the deed is done, Full well I know it is an awful one." But, then, our enemy's an awful Hun, too.

"OLD READER" (Liverpool).—"As an officer in the Merchant Service, I take the liberty of addressing you." On the contrary, if you had taken the liberty of not doing so we should have felt the slight.

"BUGLERS" (R.E., Sheerness).—"She is engaged to a chap in the Navy, but she goes out with a different chap every night, Please take steps in this case." Let us know when she has a free evening, if ever, so that we may give her a talking to.

R. M. (London, E.C.).—Glad you are fond of reading our "highly esteemed organ of emancipation." We've had worse names than that slung at us in our time.

J. V. (Holloway).—We note that your communication is very private and confidential. Indeed, up to the present, we haven't had the hardihood to poke our nose far into it.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?", a postwoman, says that she has been discharged because she is not "legally married." She should put the full facts before the Postmaster-General.

G. M. (Wallingford).—The ways of the Censor are past finding out. Ask him if he'd rather be as great a fool as he looks or look as great a fool as he is. Whichever answer he gives, the retort is "Impossible."

"SYMPATHISER" (North Shields).—"The insurance for her daughter, 17, ran out. She started again, but the agent made it a new policy. The poor girl died in five months, and the Company paid the mother 2s. only." The soulless brutes!

J. E. O. (Jo'burg).—"I have taken first prize at Fancy Dress Carnival as JOHN BULL—which is a bully paper!" Bully for you, friend afar.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

COMPANY MEETING.

ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK

CONTINUED EXPANSION OF THE BUSINESS.

The 29th annual general meeting of the Anglo-South American Bank, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, the 24th Oct., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Robert Harvey (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: You will observe that up to now 173 of our men have joined the Forces; the losses in killed and wounded and prisoners are, unfortunately, 53 persons, and our deep sympathy goes forth to the relatives of those who have given their lives on the field of honour. The chief financial event of the last year has been the issue of the "Victory" Loan, of which £2,000,000,000 was taken up, including conversions, and I may tell you that we took £500,000 ourselves, and were the means of bringing £1,500,000 in from our customers. I have previously directed your attention to the fact that our profit-earning capacity depends very much on the margin of interest obtainable in South America over that current here, and, as there has been a plethora of money in the principal countries of that continent, and more particularly in Argentina, you will recognise the increasing difficulty which has been experienced in maintaining our gross profits by the medium of business in local advances and discounts.

The condition of internal affairs in the Argentine is not satisfactory. Industrial unrest has culminated in strikes of such a serious character that the railways entirely ceased running for several weeks, and there has been destruction of property belonging to the railways, due mainly to lack of energetic action on the part of the authorities. You will readily understand what a serious dislocation of business such an event as this has caused, and we trust that the settlement will be of such a character as to preclude a recurrence of this disturbance for a very long time.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

I will now direct your attention to a few items in the balance-sheet. The liabilities in bills payable and deposits have increased by almost £7,000,000, and assets held against these consist as to £5,000,000 in an increase in cash and in high-class securities and bills receivable, while advances are up by £2,000,000. Our capital abroad, if remitted home to-day, would almost entirely realise the special reserve of £183,000 which we have built up for depreciation, but such a course would not be advisable. We propose to pay a dividend of 6s per share, making a total dividend for the year of 10 per cent.; to add £100,000 to reserve fund; £10,000 to the staff pension and guarantee fund, and to pay a bonus to the staff, carrying forward £155,000. Our reserve fund will now once more amount to two-thirds of the paid-up capital. I should like to remind all the shareholders who are in business that we are an international bank, able to undertake financial transactions with the European Continent, as well as South America, and if any of you have, in the course of your business, to effect operations in exchange, shipping or other class of transactions falling within our scope, we shall be pleased if you will, either through your local bankers or direct, cause the business to pass through our hands. I cannot conclude without a word of appreciation of the efforts of our staff at home and abroad, who have worked strenuously and made the most of an excellent opportunity. I now beg to move: "That the report and balance-sheet as distributed be adopted, and that a final dividend at the rate of 6s. per share, less income-tax, be declared, payable on the 30th instant."

Mr. E. E. Barclay seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

COMPANY MEETING.

BRITISH DYES, Ltd.

A SATISFACTORY GROWTH.

In the annual report of British Dyes, Ltd., issued to shareholders, the directors state that the issued shares and loan capital at the 30th April, 1917, consisted of 942,069 shares of £1 each, 15s. per share called up—£942,069—loan from Government £1,142,069, making a total of £2,084,138. Subject to the adjustment of the allowance under the Finance and Munitions of War Acts, the directors regard the results of the year's trading as very satisfactory, and they recommend a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, which is the maximum amount allowed.

The production of dyes continues to be limited by the shortage, caused by the war, of certain materials, but notwithstanding this, the supply throughout the year has been increased and the variety of dyes extended. An extensive plant for the production of Azo colours has been completed and is now in operation. The range of direct cotton colours has been supplemented by the inclusion of yellow, violet and green. The supply of wool colours of this type has been enlarged. The production of Methylene blue has been largely increased, and the output of mordant colours of the type of khaki yellow, green and brown is now sufficient to meet the demands made upon the company for dyestuffs used in the manufacture of the varied clothing equipment of our own and Allied troops. Among the vat dyes of the Indanthrene type, a blue and yellow are being produced. It is hoped shortly to extend the range of these colours. The company has produced a colour similar to the Alizarine blue dyestuff for wool of exceptional fastness to the action of light.

The directors would again emphasise the fact that before dye-making can be established as a national industry in this country it is necessary to put down plant to manufacture intermediate products, and the provision of plant for this purpose has largely devolved on the company. While a great deal has been accomplished, it should be clearly recognised that not much more than a beginning has been effected up to the present, and great efforts have yet to be made. The need for the employment of greatly increased capital is emphasised by the fact that the recently published accounts of five of the German dye manufacturing firms show assets which amount in the aggregate to upwards of £35,000,000, including cash resources of approximately £10,000,000.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free), I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

THAT "DONE" FEELING.

There is a widespread superstition that functional disorders as a result of the coming of Autumn are unavoidable. Constipation, sluggish liver, and general want of tone are borne as a matter of course; they are put down to the "natural thickening of the blood," but are really the result of lowered vitality resulting from a state of things for which Nature has provided ample remedies and antidotes.

Page Woodcock's Pills are made entirely from natural vegetable tonic laxatives, and their regular use braces the system against the ill effects of seasonal changes by cleansing the blood, stimulating the sluggish liver, revitalising the kidneys, and putting new and vigorous life into the whole system.

By their gentle, soothing action they entirely prevent constipation, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, and indigestion. They are in no sense a "cure all," but for over sixty years have been recognised as the most efficient corrective obtainable.

Page Woodcock's Pills are sold by all Chemists, &c., in boxes at 1/3 & 3/-. (ADVT.)

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes.

200 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

Owing to the war, Turkeys will be exceptionally scarce this year and very expensive. Those to be awarded as "Bullets" prizes will be of the best quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be despatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.

DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

1000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

& 200 Specially Selected Turkeys to be Won this week

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(260) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 260. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(260) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 8th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(260) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 261. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **261** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No 261,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the 32 Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 261.

BRITISH AIRMEN	STANDING BY	EYE TO BUSINESS	TAKING WRONG TURNING
IN THE TRENCHES	DRILLING AWKWARD SQUAD	PROVOKING FATHER	WORRIES HINDENBURG
ALL CLEAR	AT THE GROCER'S	POWDER AND PAINT	HIS ONLY LOVE
THE CENTRAL POWERS	KNOWING WIFE	MOST DISTURBING WHEN	MOST UNLIKELY
A BAD EGG	AT CLOSING TIME	THANKLESS TASK	THE KAISER HATES

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 260.

THANKS TO TOMMY
ENGLAND'S GLORY
WHAT IRELAND WANTS
WAR BONDS
SIR 'ERIC' GEDDES
GERMAN PLOTTERS
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER
AN ABSENTEE
IN THE CLOUDS
BECOMING OPTIMISTIC
FORWARD YOUNG MAN
ON STRIKE
CRACKING UP
HOT AND STRONG
GOOD CHEER
NICE CUP OF TEA
PRETTY GENERAL
GETTING THE BIRD
PEACEFUL PERSUASION
MAN OF FEW WORDS
UNTOLD WEALTH
WHEN FOOD'S SHORT
LETTING FATHER IN
SOMETHING BEHIND IT
CARRYING ON
WHEN TOMMY SALUTES
VISITING THE CANTEEN
FULL OF GAS
GIVEN AWAY
A BIG BREAK
NOTICE TO QUIT
STAGGERS THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
GIVEN AWAY.
Bullet:—
NOT MUCH BY UNCLE.
Example:—
FULL OF GAS.
Bullet:—
MOST POLITICIANS ARE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated November 24th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated November 3rd.

Result of Competition 257 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF 257th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. R. L. FLACK,
41, Axholme Road,
Doncaster.

Example:—WHEN REPRISALS START.
Bullet:—SORRY—THEY BEGAN IT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. DICK GORST,
Market, Lancaster.

Example:—WITHOUT A DOUBT.
Bullet:—RUSSIA'S ATTITUDE ISN'T "DETERMINED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. A. McGUCKIN,
40, South Richmond Street,
Dublin.

Example:—PLENTY TO DO.
Bullet:—DECIDING BETWEEN WAR EXPERTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss K. McGHEE, 72, Tennyson Road, Small Heath, Birmingham:
GETTING ON—"COMMANDING AIR" INDICATES.

Mrs. B. M. BROOKS, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London:
TAKEN. FOR A SOLDIER—MOTOR—IF HUN PRISONER.

Mr. A. ABEL, 78, Myers Road East, Crosby, Liverpool:
BOTTOMLEY'S MISSION—"HARD WORK" PLEASING EVERYBODY.

Mr. V. CROWLEY, Church Street, Cavan, Ireland:
FRIGHTENS GERMANY—"GHOSTS" OR BELGIAN "HAMLETS."

Mr. J. BURNS, Hairdresser, Coundon, Co. Durham:
HAVING IT OUT—OF OUR POCKETS—EVERYBODY.

Mr. T. H. PRICE, 70, Victoria Road, London, S.E.:
FALLING IN—OR OUT—NEUTRALS SHORTLY.

Mr. N. MACCORMICK, 6, Burns Street, Glasgow:
FRIGHTENS GERMANY—"FAT" GETTING SO "THIN."

Q.M.S., G.R. Ten Brooke, Beech Cottage, Stafford Road, Lichfield:
FRIGHTENS GERMANY—BEING "ISOLATED" AFTER "CURB"

Mr. E. M. HESTER, 20 6, Main Road, Sidcup:
GETTING ON—FASTEST GOTHA—KAISER SHORTLY.

Mr. P. SHELLY, 5, Cornhill Cottages, Allestree, near Derby:
FRIGHTENS GERMANY—MEN FALLING, WOMEN RISING.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. H. E. ELLIS, 14, Turner Buildings, Millbank Estate, London, S.W.:
AT WHITEHALL—AN "OLD BUFFER" STATE.

Mr. J. W. CARR, Crossgate, Cupar, Scotland:
MAKES KAISER SAVAGE—DROPPING TOO MANY PILOTS.

Miss M. MAYNARD, 37, Union Road, Midland Road, Bristol:
FATHER'S HELPING—DIDN'T GIVE WILLIE VERDUN.

Mr. L. G. WALKER, 7, Barrowell Lane, Kenilworth:
GETTING ON—INVENTOR MAKES GOVERNMENT LISTEN.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss P. MOORE, c/o Mrs. Hardstaff, 18, Freeth St. Meadows, Nottingham:
THE PLAIN TRUTH—RARELY ON APPLICATION FORM.

Mr. J. GRIFFITH, Whatmer Lodge, Sturry By Canterbury:
HAVING IT OUT—WITH PALS—THEN MISSUS.

Mr. G. MARLOW CAINE, 7, Canadian Stat. Hospital, B.E.F.:
GIVEN A MISS—NOTHING BY BICYCLE LEARNER.

Miss EVIE MOODY, South View, Holmes Chapel, Crewe:
WITHOUT DOUBT—NEMESIS OVERTAKES THE "FASTEST."

Mr. R. J. PARRY, Draper, Llanidloes, Mont.:
WHEN REPRISALS START—MESSENGERS WON'T BE "DOVES."

Mr. F. G. HOBBS, 62, Warwick Street, Oxford:
MAKES KAISER SAVAGE—GETTING LICKED SO CLEANLY.

BEACON OILSKINS
will keep you dry always. Coats 10/- Children's 10/6. Sou'-westers 1/6. Long Leggings 2/—all guaranteed, against stickiness-leakage or dissatisfaction on money back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to BARBOUR'S, Ltd. 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Chapped Hands, and Tender Chins from Shaving
absolutely avoided by early and regular use of
"LATHA-OIL"
1/- per bottle anywhere, or by post extra 3d. (U.K.), 6d. Front, from
THIRD HAND PATENTS, LIMITED,
45, Maddox Street, London, W. 1

FURS
AT
WHOLESALE PRICES
The largest Stock of Fashionable FUR SETS & FUR COATS in London to choose from. Inspection cordially invited, or post a card for illustrated Catalogue.
WHOLESALE FUR CO.
145, Cheapside, London, E.C

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD
Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Linoleums, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.
EASY TERMS

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. HENRY PALIN, Day Green Hassall, near Sandbach, Cheshire. October 6th, 1917. 763,651.

R. WILKINSON, 16, Lawrence Street, Middlesbro'. Oct. 6th, 1917. 456,367.

MRS. A. KEY, Outram Street, Ripley, Derbyshire. October 13th, 1917. 251,752.

WILLIAM MIDDRIE, 23, Hospital Hill, Dunfermline, Fife. October 13th, 1917. 855,503.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 27th:—

001,997	361,258	720,325	1,043,825	1,405,478
027,160	395,123	753,580	1,075,152	1,428,621
083,285	422,624	782,254	1,091,033	1,467,886
139,041	471,828	811,696	1,136,427	1,532,000
152,407	503,384	859,911	1,184,061	1,549,793
210,869	537,491	896,503	1,227,688	1,610,524
248,474	569,455	945,245,	1,252,980	1,643,695
269,130	614,228	982,182	1,265,145	1,699,923
316,399	641,171	987,440	1,316,435	1,726,013
342,534	674,905	995,889	1,324,299	1,759,225

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 7th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Oct. 27, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 001,764 and 1,701,492. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be Insured, Irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

November 3, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded IF an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

November 3, 1917.

The Picture of Health -

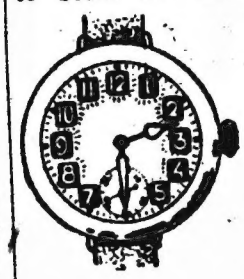
HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Three Special Offers!

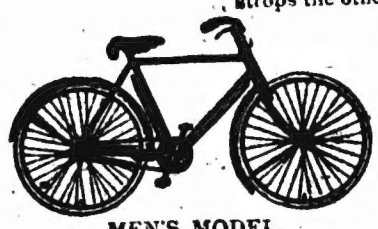
SELFRIDGE'S.

Why not buy your Christmas presents at Selfridge's? Here are three typical Selfridge values eminently suitable to send to our boys either in a home camp or abroad.



The Selfridge Service **Watch**, 15-jewelled lever movement, in heavy nickel case, complete with strong suede strap, constructed to stand rough wear, thoroughly reliable and guaranteed 12 months. Plain dial, **16/6**; Luminous spots and hands, **18/6**; full luminous figures and hands, **21/-**.

The advantage of the **Twinplex Stropper** for re-sharpening Gillette Safety Razor Blades is that it strops both edges at the same time, and then reverses itself, and strops the other side. No skill is required for using, as it is entirely automatic. It is very compact—the handle folds and pushes into machine when not in use. Price, each, **18/6**.

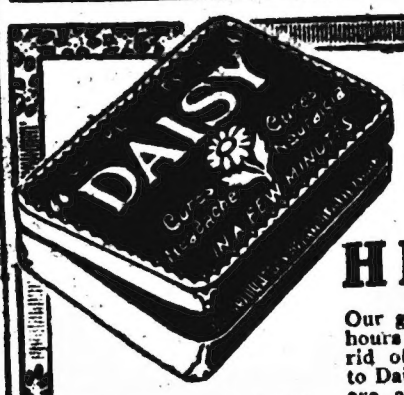


MEN'S MODEL.
£7 15s. or 12 monthly payments of **12/11.**

WOMEN'S MODEL.
£8 10s. or 12 monthly payments of **14/2.**

Cycles. Model "A" specification — Dunlop Edinburgh Tyres, guaranteed 12 months, Brampton's Roller Lever Brake, Perry Free Wheel, Perry Chain, comfortable 3-coil saddle. Finished four coats black enamel, and gracefully lined — (guaranteed 12 months). Price, **£7 15s.** for cash with order; we include Pump, Bell, Wallet, and tools free. Write for list of other Models.

Note.—Carriage paid to all places in the British Isles. Carriage for abroad extra.



Let these MAGIC TABLETS cure your HEADACHE

Our grandmothers thought two or three hours "lying-down" necessary to get rid of headache, but nowadays—thanks to Daisy Tablets—two or three minutes are as long as a complete cure need take. When the pain comes, you just swallow a couple of DAISY TABLETS, and in less time than it takes to read it, the pain has *gone*.

This year there are more headaches than ever before—the harder work, constant nerve strain, and ever-present worry of war are to blame—but fortunately the remedy has arrived along with the disease, and all over the country once-suffering women will tell you with joy of the quick and speedy cures that Daisy Tablets achieve. Daisy Tablets are playing a great part in helping to keep the country steady of nerve and free from pain.

GET THIS TIN and Headache and Neuralgia can trouble you no more. In one of these tiny tins is stored the certain, almost magical cure for a dozen attacks—no matter how severe the pain, you can be sure that two tablets will quickly send it about its business.

1/3 from all chemists and stores. Get a tin to-day and be prepared

SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE. *So that they may have a chance to give you personal proof of their power, we are willing to send you, FREE, a dainty sample box of Daisy Tablets. We will also enclose a valuable treatise on the causes and rational cure of Headache and Neuralgia. Write to-day, please, as the offer may be withdrawn at any time.*

DAISY TABLETS

DAISY TABLETS are sold at 1/3 per box of 25 by Boots, Taylors and other chemists everywhere. A box will be sent direct post free from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T7), Leeds.

BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA

Coughs and Colds. Whole Family Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. Slade, 80, Lancefield Street, Queen's Park, Paddington, London, says: "Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been a real blessing in my family. I first used it for my little boy when he had whooping cough. I had tried other things and found them useless; but when I gave him Veno's it was surprising how soon he got well. I used Veno's after that for all my family. My last baby was cured of bronchitis by it, and I have taken it myself for influenza. I found it splendid for this trouble as well as for other coughs and colds. My husband has had Veno's too. He came home from the front wounded and with a very bad cold. But of course he had Veno's and that soon cured his cough."

Mrs. Slade.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures:

COUGHS AND COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES, NASAL CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,

11½d. A Bottle.

DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD-SPITTING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).